

Featuring **THE BLACK HOOD**
TOP-NOTCH
comics
No. 11

THE MARVEL OF 1941
ROY...
THE **SUPER-BOY!**

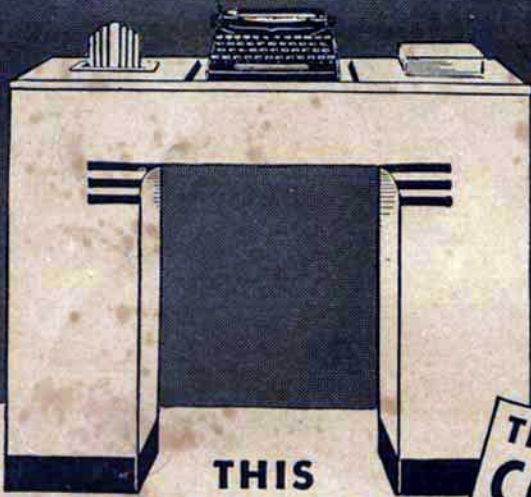
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The Remington Noiseless Deluxe Portable Typewriter is sold on a trial basis with a money-back guarantee. If, after ten days trial, you are not entirely satisfied, we will take it back, paying all shipping charges and refunding your good will deposit at once. You take no risk.



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THE BLACK HOOD



MAN OF MYSTERY

THE SKULL- A NAME THAT DRIVES QUAKING FEAR INTO THE HEARTS OF ALL! RUTHLESS AS A BEAST OF THE JUNGLE... VENOMOUS AS A COBRA! AND ONLY THE BLACK HOOD STANDS BETWEEN HIM AND HIS MAD REIGN OF TERROR IN THE CASE OF THE INFANTS OF DEATH!



ONE DAY A MILLIONAIRE WILLIAM RANDOLPH FURST AND HIS WIFE ARE ON THEIR WAY HOME...



WILLIAM... JAMES IS TAPPING AT THE WINDOW!

I BEG YOUR PARDON, SIR, BUT YOU'RE GOING TO BE KIDNAPPED IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!



WHAT! ARE YOU MAD?

WHAT IS IT WILLIAM? YOU LOOK UPSET!



ER... OUR NEW CHAUFFEUR HAS A VERY PECULIAR SENSE OF HUMOR... I'LL FIRE HIM IMMEDIATELY!

THE CAR ARRIVES AT ITS DESTINATION...



HA, HA! YOU SEE, JAMES, YOU WERE MISTAKEN!

NO, MY DEAR MR FURST! I AM NOT MISTAKEN!!



THE SKULL!

OH!

THE SKULL SPRAYS THE CAR WITH A PECULIAR GAS...



THAT'S RIGHT, MRS. FURST... RUN! I WANT ONLY YOUR HUSBAND!



HELP! I'M GOING MAD!

A FANTASTIC SCENE IS ENACTED! THE MILLIONAIRE SHRINKS AND SHRINKS UNTIL HE IS THE SIZE OF AN INFANT!



HA, HA! YOU SHALL PAY HEAVILY IF YOU WISH YOUR TIT RETURNED TO YOU UNHARMED!

POLICE!!



LATER... AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

'N WHEN I GET THERE, SARGE, MRS. FURST GIVES ME A SCREWY STORY ABOUT HER HUSBAND BECOMING AN INFANT!

YEAH, BUT THE FUNNY PART IS THAT THE MILLIONAIRE REALLY IS MISSING



JUST PICKED UP THIS BUM, SARGE! WANNA BOOK HIM?

YEAH! I'LL PUT HIM ON THE BLOTTER FOR VAGRANCY!



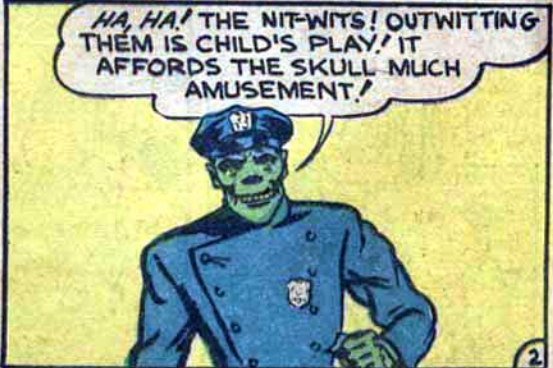
WHAT IN THE NAME O' ROSE O' GRADY?

*I shall give sarge a hell an' stupid
hidman in madhouse
how sarks!
THE SKULL*



TRY TO MAKE A SAP OUTA ME, SERGEANT MC GINTY, THE SMARTEST COP ON THE FORCE! I'LL SHOW THAT GRINNIN' BAG O' BONES! COME ON!

I WONDER HOW HE GOT THAT MESSAGE ON THE BLOTTER.



HA, HA! THE NIT-WITS! OUTWITTING THEM IS CHILD'S PLAY! IT AFFORDS THE SKULL MUCH AMUSEMENT!

LATER...IN THE HOME OF ANOTHER MILLIONAIRE,
JOHN SCRAGGS...

THE SKULL WILL
HAVE TO BE A LOT
SMARTER THAN HE
THINKS. HE IS TO GET
PAST US! A FLY
COULDN'T GET PAST
US!

I HOPE YOU
ARE RIGHT,
SERGEANT!

YOU BET I AM!
NOW GO ON TO
BED, AND DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
A THING, MR.
SCRAGGS!

THANKS...
I WILL!

SUDDENLY...

BY THE BLARNEY
STONE! THE
SKULL! GET HIM!

WHY, THE SAP!
BUSTIN' IN HERE
THIS WAY!
TAKE THAT!!

HAW, HAW!
AND HE'S
SUPPOSED TO
BE SMART!

PRIZES! Choose Yours **NOW!**

**DAISY'S
1000 SHOT
RED
RYDER
CARBINE**
1000-shot repeater.
Sell one order.

Boys', Girls' Wrist Watches
Sell one order

BOYS! GIRLS!

Here are swell prizes for you, or fine gifts for Mother and Dad. They're yours without a cent of cost.

IT'S EASY! Do like thousands of others have done—get any prize here, or your choice from many others in our Big Prize Sheet for selling only 40 Christmas Packs at 10c each. Each pack contains 2 beautiful Christmas Cards, 2 envelopes and 24 sparkling Xmas Seals. When sold, return the money and choose your prize. It is sent **AT ONCE**. Mail coupon today for Xmas Packs and Big Prize Sheet showing over 40 prizes to choose from. **SEND NO MONEY—WE TRUST YOU.**

Sell one order and get your choice of Eastman Camera.

5-pc. Train outfit with track. Sell one order.

Electric Movie Outfit. Sell one order.

Filled Overnight Case. Given for selling one order.

10-pc. Toilet and Manicure Set.
Given for selling only one order.

**GENE AUTRY
HOLSTER SET** **FREE**

Be a "two-gun" cowboy—belt, two holsters, two Gene Autry revolvers, all given for selling one order. Gene Autry Ring **FREE**.

Yale Football Set. Given for selling one order.

**THE AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO.
DEPT. 404, LANCASTER, PA.**

AMERICAN SPECIALTY CO., Dept. 404, Lancaster, Pa.

Please send me your Big Prize Sheet and one order of 40 Xmas Packs. I will resell them at 10c each, send you the money and get my prize. My choice of prize is

Name _____
Street Address _____
or R.F.D. Box _____
City _____
State _____

NICE WORK, BOYS! TIE HIM UP... WE'LL TAKE HIM ALONG! SAY, WHO ARE YOU?

I'M THE COOK! I SHAN'T KEEP MY CHILD ANOTHER MOMENT IN THIS HOUSE, AS LONG AS THE SKULL IS HERE

WHAT'S THE IDEE MAS-QUERADIN' AS THE SKULL?

I DON'T KNOW... I WAS WALKING ALONG... THEN I WAS ATTACKED! I FELT A NEEDLE JAB INTO MY ARM... THAT'S ALL I REMEMBER!

IN A FAR OFF LOCALE... THE CABIN OF A HERMIT... THE SKULL'S DOINGS ARE DISCUSSED.....

KIP BURLAND... I HAVE GIVEN YOU THE POWERS OF THE BLACK HOOD... YOU MUST USE THEM TO DESTROY THE SKULL!!

HAW, HAW! YE WON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT THAT GRINNIN' APE NO MORE! BUT I GUESS HE DID GIVE YEZ A SCARE! SORRY LADY!

HMMMPH! WELL, GOODBYE!

THERE'S SOMETHIN' FUNNY GOIN' ON HERE! I BETTER SEE IF SCRAGG'S OKAY!

WHEN THE SKULL RUINED ME YEARS AGO, HE STOLE FROM ME A POTION WHICH WILL SHRINK THE HUMAN TISSUES, WITHOUT HARMING THE VICTIM! AND NOW HE IS USING IT FOR EVIL PURPOSES!

I SHAN'T FAIL YOU, HERMIT!

JUST THEN... THE POLICE RECEIVE A STUNNING SHOCK

GREAT SAINTS! A MASK! IT ISN'T THE SKULL AT ALL!!

B... BUT WHO IS IT THEN?

OOOH! WHERE AM I?... WHAT HAPPENED?

HIVVIN' PRESERVE ME! HE... HE'S GONE! THAT COOK... SHE MUSTA BEEN THE SKULL! AND THAT BABY... I... CAN'T BELIEVE IT!!

THIS FILTER, WHEN PLACED IN THE NOSTRILS, WILL MAKE YOU IMMUNE TO IT! TAKE IT... DESTROY THE SKULL OR AT LEAST THE POTION! IT IS A HORRIBLE WEAPON IN HIS HANDS!!

I SHAN'T FAIL YOU, HERMIT!

BARBARA SUTTON IS ON HER WAY TO THE HOME OF A FRIEND, MARGIE GORDON!

MARGIE SOUNDED ALMOST HYSTERICAL OVER THE PHONE, WHEN SHE ASKED ME TO COME... I HOPE THERE IS NO TROUBLE!!

JUST AS BARBARA ARRIVES, A DREAD FIGURE LEAPS OVER THE WALL OF THE GORDON ESTATE WITH AN INFANT IN HIS ARMS!

HOLY SAINTS! A KIDNAPPING! HALT, OR I SHOOT!

WHY DON'T YOU SHOOT, SWINE! HEH, HEH!

ARRGGH!

THE SKULL, HELP!

MARGIE... WHAT'S HAPPENED?

BARBARA BARBARA! THE SKULL... HE'S KIDNAPED MY FATHER!

THE SKULL WARNED DAD... (SOB, SOB) YOU WERE THE ONLY ONE I COULD TRUST, SO I CALLED YOU... (SOB) IT WAS HORRIBLE!

THERE, THERE, MARGIE... EVERYTHING WILL BE ALL RIGHT... THE BLACK HOOD IS MY FRIEND, AND HE'LL SEE YOUR FATHER IS UNHARMED!

I'VE GOT AN IDEA! THE BLACK HOOD IS SURE TO GO AFTER THE SKULL! NOW, IF I CAN ONLY GET A JOB ON A NEWSPAPER AND COVER THE STORY, I MAYBE ABLE TO WORK WITH HIM!

NEXT DAY...

IT WORKED! THE PUBLISHER IS MY DAD'S FRIEND. NOW I'M A NEWS PHOTOGRAPHER!

I MIGHT AS WELL START SNAPPING PICTURES.... THIS IS AS GOOD A PLACE AS ANY!

OH! A SWELL HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE!

OI! SUCH A BUSINESS!

PASTA FAZOOLE! 'ATSA NUFF!

OH! WATCH OUT, THERE!



HOW DISGUSTING! THAT WASHER WOMAN SPOILED THE SHOT!



HERE, TOM! ALL THE FILM I SNAPPED TODAY!

I'LL HAVE THEM DEVELOPED RIGHT AWAY BARBARA!



GREAT SCOT, CHIEF! TAKE A LOOK AT THIS SHOT BARBARA SNAPPED!

WHY, TOM! WHAT'S WRONG?



THE NEGATIVE PICKED UP THE MESSAGE WHICH WAS INVISIBLE TO THE HUMAN EYE!

HOW INFERNALLY CLEVERLY THE SKULL IS... BARBARA, WHERE ARE YOU GOING?

TO THE POLICE!



IN THE STREET

KIP BURLAND! I'VE NO TIME TO TALK TO YOU NOW!

WHY, WHAT'S UP BARBARA?



BARBARA HURRIEDLY TELLS KIP ABOUT THE SKULL'S MESSAGE

THE SKULL, EH!



A MOMENT'S HIDING, AND KIP BECOMES THE BLACK HOOD!

ONCE AGAIN OUR PATHS CROSS, SKULL!



OVER THE ROOF TOPS FLITS THE LITHE FIGURE OF THE BLACK HOOD

IT'S YOUR LIFE OR MINE, SKULL!



IN THE HOME OF WARREN GILT

KIDNAPPINGS! THE WHOLE PAPER IS FILLED WITH THEM!



YES! AND YOUR NAME WILL JOIN THE LIST, SOON, IF THE SKULL HAS HIS WAY!

WH... WHA....

THE SKULL'S BOAST IS BRAZEN... BUT NOT AN EMPTY ONE! HE'S DUE HERE SOON! PUT THIS FILTER IN YOUR NOSE AND REMAIN CALM! I'LL HIDE SOMEWHERE!



YES, YES! I'LL DO ANYTHING YOU SAY!

THE MOMENTS FLIT FULLY BY... BUT STILL NO SKULL...



IT MUST BE A HOAX! THE SKULL... KIDNAP ME... IT SOUNDS INCREDIBLE!

INCREDIBLE! YES! THE SKULL DOES ONLY INCREDIBLE THINGS!!



THE ROOM IS FLOODED WITH THE WEIRD SHRINKING GAS...



SHRINK!! CURSE YOU! WHY DON'T YOU SHRINK?

G... GO AWAY! HELP! BLACK HOOD!

BLACK HOOD DID YOU SAY?... WHERE...



YES, SKULL HE SAID BLACK HOOD! YOU DON'T SEEM VERY PLEASED TO SEE ME!

A KNIFE, EH! YOU'RE VERY HANDY WITH IT, AREN'T YOU?



HANDY ENOUGH TO SLIT YOUR THROAT FROM EAR TO EAR!

A WRENCHING TWIST WITH ALL THE STRENGTH OF THE BLACK HOOD'S STEEL-LIKE MUSCLES, AND...



UGGH!

I'VE GOT OTHER IDEAS, SKULL!

THE BLACK HOOD HURLS HIMSELF UPON THE PROSTRATE SKULL!



THIS TIME YOU WON'T ESCAPE YOU MURDERING FIEND!

BUT THE SKULL IS FAR FROM DEFEATED...
A SUDDEN UPWARD KICK CATCHES THE
BLACK HOOD BY SURPRISE...



-HE IS SOMERSAULTED DOWN THE
STAIRS, AND LANDS ON HIS HEAD
WITH TERRIFIC IMPACT!

JUST THEN...BARBARA
ENTERS...



THANK HEAVENS
HE'S STILL ALIVE!
I WONDER WHO
HE REALLY IS?
..... WHA...
THE
SKULL!



SO, MY DEAR!... YOU
WISH TO KNOW THE
BLACK HOOD'S
IDENTITY... WELL, YOU
SHALL-IN DEATH!



BUT THE POLICE POUR IN AT THAT
MOMENT....



YOU THINK YOU OUTWITTED ME...
MOVE, AND THE
GIRL DIES!!



SWIFT AS A SNAKE'S TONGUE, THE SKULL
HURTTLES THROUGH THE WINDOW....



WELL, THE **BLACK HOOD** WON'T GET AWAY. GIT UP, YA SCALAWAG. YOU'RE UNDER ARREST FOR THE KIDNAPPIN' OF BARBARA SUTTON, IF NOTHIN' ELSE!



OOH! MY HEAD! WHAT DO YOU MEAN, THE KIDNAPPING OF BARBARA?

TRY'N TELL ME YOU'RE NOT IN CAHOOTS WITH THE **SKULL**, HUH? AND I SUPPOSE YA DONT KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT THE PICTURE, EITHER! DO I LOOK THAT DUMB?

FRANKLY, YES! I DON'T KNOW WHAT PICTURE YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!



THIS ONE BLAST YEZ! AND NONE O' YER LIP OR IT'S THE BACK O' ME HAND, I'LL BE GIVIN' YA!

HMM! VERY INTERESTING!



MULBERRY ST.

OBVIOUSLY THAT MULBERRY STREET SIGN DOESN'T MEAN ANYTHING TO THE SERGEANT. BUT IT DOES TO ME! **SKULL** MUST BE OPERATING IN THE VICINITY OF MULBERRY STREET!



SORRY SARGE! WE'LL HAVE TO POSTPONE YOUR PLANS FOR ME!

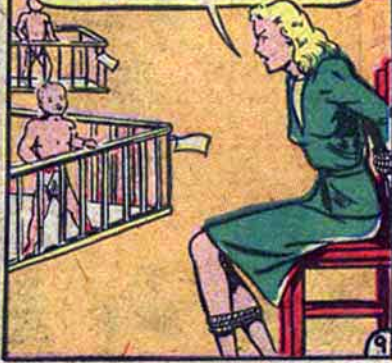
AND NOW FOR MULBERRY STREET! IF HE'S HARMED BARBARA, I'LL.....

HEY... GLUB!



MEANWHILE, IN THE **SKULL'S** HEADQUARTERS.

THOSE INFANTS! IT'S FANTASTIC! THEY'RE THE SHRUNKEN MILLIONAIRES, WHAT A HORRIBLE FATE!



YES, MY DEAR, BUT UNFORTUNATELY NOT PERMANENT. THE EFFECTS WILL WEAR OFF IN ONE MONTH - PLENTY OF TIME TO STRIP THEM OF THEIR MILLIONS FOR RANSOM!



NOW, I RETURN TO MR. WARREN GILT. THE SKULL HAS NEVER FAILED. I'LL BE BACK SOON WITH AN OTHER INFANT!



WHILE NEARBY -

BASKETS - JUST LIKE THE ONE I SAW IN THE PICTURE. THE SKULL MAY HAVE BOUGHT IT THERE!



DON'T BE ALARMED! I JUST WANT TO ASK A FEW QUESTIONES!



WHA... WHO?

DO YOU RECALL AN OLD WOMAN PURCHASING A BASKET THIS MORNING?



WHY, YES, NOW THAT YOU MENTION IT, SHE'S A STRANGER HERE, THOUGH. I'VE NEVER SEEN HER BEFORE!

HMM! THEN YOU KNOW EVERYBODY IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD AND WHERE THEY LIVE?



I OUGHTA, AFTER TWENTY YEARS IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD. SHE MIGHT HAVE MOVED INTO ONE OF THEM DESERTED HOUSES DOWN THE BLOCK!

THAT'S A HUNCH I'LL INVESTIGATE IMMEDIATELY!



WELL, THIS IS THE LAST HOUSE ON THE BLOCK! IF IT FAILS, I'VE BEEN ON A FALSE TRAIL!

THE BLACK HOOD RUSHES FROM HOUSE TO HOUSE, LOOKING FOR THE HIDEOUT OF THE SKULL!

BARBARA! THANK GOODNESS YOU'RE STILL SAFE!



BLACK HOOD!!

THE REMAINING DESERTED HOUSE PROVES TO BE THE SKULL'S HIDEOUT

MY MAIN JOB SEEMS TO BE KEEPING YOU OUT OF TROUBLE. WHERE'S THE SKULL?

HE'S GONE FOR WARREN GILT!



WARREN GILT, EH? THE SKULL WANTS A 100% BATTING AVERAGE. YOU'D BETTER TAKE THESE SECOND-CHILDHOOD MILLIONAIRES OUT OF HERE!

WHAT WILL YOU DO?



I'M GOING AFTER THE SKULL. AND THIS TIME HE WON'T GET AWAY!

HOOD! BE CAREFUL!



MEANWHILE, IN THE TYPE-SETTING ROOM OF A NEWSPAPER PLANT.

BUSY WITH HEADLINES, EH? WELL, THE SKULL WILL WRITE A HEADLINE THAT WILL MAKE THE WHOLE CITY SIT UP!



UGH!

SOON, THE PAPERS ROLL OFF THE PRESS AND THE EDITORIAL ROOM BECOMES BEDLAM.

LOOK AT THIS HEADLINE! THE TYPE-SETTER MUSTA GONE NUTS! "WARREN GILT IS TO BE KIDNAPPED IN FIFTEEN MINUTES!"



THE EDITORIAL STAFF HASTEN TO THE TYPESETTING ROOM AND SEE...

THE TYPESETTER! THIS IS THE SKULL'S WORK!



SOME BODY CALL THE POLICE!

WHILE THE SKULL, LIKE AN ILL-OMENED BIRD, HOVERS OVER WARREN GILT'S APARTMENT.

HEH-HEH! I'LL WAIT FOR THE POLICE. THEY SHALL APPRECIATE THE SKULL'S ARTISTRY!



GOOD! THEY'RE HERE! NOW LET THEM TRY TO STOP ME! HA, HA, HA!



NOW, WILL YA QUIT WORRYIN', MR GILT! SERGEANT MCGINTY'S ON THE JOB. I'LL PROTECT YOU!

YOU DIDN'T DO MUCH PROTECTING FOR THOSE OTHER KIDNAP VICTIMS! ...IT... IT'S DRIVING ME CRAZY WITH WORRY!!



DRAT THAT SKULL! IF HE COMES SNOOPIN' AROUND THIS TIME, THERE WON'T BE ENOUGH LEFT O' HIM TO MAKE A GOOD DOG-MEAL!

PLEASE- PLEASE DON'T LET HIM GET ME!



SUDDENLY...

HEY! WHO TURNED ON THEM FIRE SPRINKLERS?

WHY... I DONT KNOW!

THERE'S A FUNNY SMELL HERE!



A VAPOR RISES FROM THE WET FLOOR, AND A HORRIBLE CHOKING SENSATION GRIPS THEM ALL!

ARRGOH! ME, BREATH! I'M CHOKING!

R-R-R-R--

HELP!



AND A WEIRD REJUVENATION SETS IN, AGAIN THE SKULL'S INGENUITY HAS TRIUMPHED!

GOD

OOGLE



VERY CLEVER, PUTTING MY POTION IN THE SPRINKLING SYSTEM, WAS, IT NOT?

HO, HO, SERGEANT MCGINTY! FOR THE FIRST TIME, YOUR APPEARANCE MATCHES YOUR BRAINS!

GOOK!

WOGGLE

BOOGLE!



COME, MR WARREN GILT, YOU ARE TOO PRECIOUS A TOT TO LEAVE LYIN'G ABOUT. THE SKULL SHALL KNOW HOW TO MAKE USE OF YOUR MILLIONS!

HELLO, SKULL! MIND IF I DROP IN ON YOU?

THE BLACK HOOD, A-GAIN! CURSE YOU!

THE BLACK KNIGHT OF JUSTICE LANDS ATOP THE SKULL AND SENDS HIM HURLING.

THE HOOD HURLS HIMSELF TO THE ATTACK WITH TIGERISH FURY BEFORE THE SKULL CAN RECOVER...

A LITTLE BRUSQUE PERHAPS, BUT VERY EFFECTIVE, EH SKULL?

I'M NOT TAKING ANY CHANCES WITH YOU THIS TIME, SKULL!

OOF!

A CRUSHING BLOW SMASHES THE FILTERS FROM THE NOSTRILS OF THE SKULL!

THE FILTER! IT'S FALLEN FROM MY NOSE! THE GAS IS CHOKING ME! HELP! AARRGH!

THE SKULL STARTS TO SHRINK AS THE BLACK HOOD WATCHES

A VERY IRONIC ENDING, MY FRIEND! A VICTIM OF YOUR OWN FIENDISHNESS!

GAAARRRH! COUGH, COUGH!



AND THAT MARKS "FINIS" TO YOUR CAREER OF DEATH AND DESTRUCTION. WHEN YOU REGAIN YOUR STATURE, YOU'LL BE SAFE IN JAIL!



ONE MONTH LATER...

WELL, KIP, HERE'S THE STATION HOUSE. MCGINTY OUGHT TO BE FULL GROWN BY THIS TIME!

YES, BARBARA LET'S GO IN AND SEE!



HELLO, MCGINTY! HOW'S EVERYTHING? YOU STILL GOT THE SKULL?

YOU BET! HE GOT AN EXTRA DOSE OF HIS OWN STUFF AND WE'RE WAITIN' FOR HIM TO GROW UP SO WE CAN SEND HIM TO THE CHAIR!



HO, HO! THAT BAG O' BONES SURE LOOKS FUNNY IN THREE CORNERED PANTS!

PERHAPS THIS PICTURE WILL AMUSE YOU EVEN MORE, MCGINTY'!



TA, TA, CHIEF! BETTER BE NICE TO ME OR I MIGHT PRINT THIS PICTURE IN MY PAPER

HEY, YOU! CAN'T DO THAT. COME BACK HERE!



THRILLS - LAUGHS - CHILLS - AND MORE EVERY TIME YOU OPEN UP THE PAGES TO ANOTHER BLACK HOOD - APPEARING IN EVERY ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS...

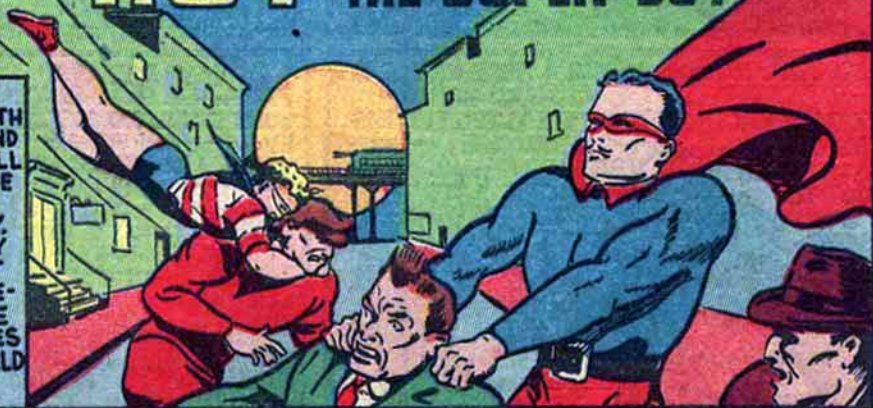
The Wizard

WITH

ROY THE SUPER-BOY

THE WIZARD, THE MAN WITH THE STRENGTH OF A THOUSAND MEN, AND HIS SUPER-BRAIN, SPELL DESTRUCTION FOR THE CRIMINAL WORLD.

TOGETHER WITH ROY, THE SUPER-BOY, THEY FORM A TEAM THAT WILL LIVE IN THE MEMORY OF MAN AS THE MOST POTENT FORCES FOR JUSTICE THE WORLD HAS EVER KNOWN.



MISSION HOUSE

HEH, HEH! MY MISSION HAS DONE ENOUGH FOR YOU. YOU ARE FREE TO GO!

WH...WHERE!
WH...WHAT...



THAT NIGHT —

BY THE GREAT LORD HARRY! IF IT DON'T LOOK LIKE J.P. MUCHBUCKS, THE INVESTMENT BANKER WHO RAN OFF WITH ALL THAT DOUGH LAST WEEK, I BETTER TAKE HIM TO HEAD-QUARTERS!



WELL, THEY FOUND MUCHBUCKS GUILTY AND GAVE HIM TWENTY YEARS! IT AIN'T ENOUGH IF YOU ASK ME!

AND THAT STORY ABOUT HIS NOT REMEMBERIN' ANYTHING, IT'S AS PHONY AS HE IS!



SUDDENLY, FOR THE FIRST TIME IN WEEKS, THE LIGHT OF MEMORY FLASHES IN MUCHBUCK'S EYES.....

WH...WHERE AM I? THE... BOWERY MISSION!..... KIDNAPPED!!! GREAT LORD, I REMEMBER EVERYTHING, NOW!



LET ME OUT! I RE-MEMBER! I REMEMBER! LET ME OUT OF HERE!

HEY! QUIT BANGIN' THAT CUP! WHAT'S GOT INTO YOU?



JUST AS MUCHBUCKS BEGINS TO TALK, A GRUESOME SCENE TAKES PLACE —

UGH! I...!... HELP! IT...IT'S HORRIBLE! HIS FLESH IS PEELING RIGHT OFF! GET A DOCTOR!
IT'S NO USE! HE'S A GONER!



SEVERAL MONTHS LATER

HERE HE IS, BOYS, RICHARD GREAT-WEALTH, THE BIG INSURANCE BROKER! HE'S COME BACK!
RICHARD, PLEASE! THE REPORTERS ARE HERE! I'VE GOT TO SAY SOMETHING!



I'M JANE BARLOWE FROM THE DAILY RECORD! YOUR HUSBAND ABSCONDED WITH THE FIRM'S MONEY LAST WEEK AND NOW HE'S RETURNED! WHAT'S THE STORY?
I REALLY DON'T KNOW AND NEITHER DOES HE! HE CAN'T REMEMBER A THING!



SUDDENLY, A FAMILIAR SCENE IS RE-ENACTED

I REMEMBER NOW! I REMEMBER EVERYTHING!
RICHARD! RICHARD! WHAT IS IT?



I WAS KIDNAPPED, AND... HE'S ROTTING AWAY ON HIS FEET!
AWWRK...!...!... I'M BURNING UP!
HELP! HIS FLESH! LOOK!
IT'S GHASTLY! I CAN'T LOOK!



LATER, JANE TELLS THE STORY TO BLANE WHITNEY, OWNER OF THE DAILY RECORD, IN REALITY — THE WIZARD...

IT WAS HORRIBLE, BLANE. MY NERVES ARE ALL SHOT!



BETTER TAKE IT EASY FOR A WHILE, JANE!

HMM... MUCHBUCKS DIED EXACTLY THE SAME WAY AND UNDER THE SAME CIRCUMSTANCES! IT'S MORE THAN A COINCIDENCE! I'M GOING TO LOOK INTO THIS THING, BUT JANE MUSTN'T SUSPECT!



GUESS YOU'RE RIGHT, BLANE!
I'LL DIG UP A NICE CLEAN
HUMAN INTEREST
STORY!

SURE,
HOP TO IT!

ATTA GIRL,
JANE!

ROY, THE SUPER-BOY, IS ALSO
GIVEN AN ASSIGNMENT
BETTER TRAIL HER, ROY,
AND SEE SHE KEEPS
OUT OF TROUBLE!

YOU
BETCHA,
BLANE!

BLANE BEGINS INVESTIGATING

HELLO, MRS. GREATWEALTH!
I'M BLANE WHITNEY! I WAS
A FRIEND OF YOUR
HUSBAND'S!

WON'T
YOU COME IN,
MR. WHITNEY?

I'M ALSO INTERESTED
IN CLEARING YOUR
HUSBAND'S NAME.
PLEASE TELL
ME EVERYTHING!

CHARLES ACTED SO
STRANGELY JUST BE-
FORE HE STOLE THAT
MONEY. ALMOST AS IF
HE WERE A STRANGER
IN HIS OWN HOUSE!

THAT'S FUNNY! IT IS
JUST WHAT MRS. MUCH-
BUCKS SAID. THERE
MIGHT BE SOME-
THING IN THAT!

AT TIMES, HE DIDN'T
EVEN LOOK THE SAME,
BUT IT MUST HAVE
BEEN MY IMAGI-
NATION!

AND THEN, JUST
BEFORE HE DIED,
HE YELLED
SOMETHING
ABOUT BEING
KIDNAPPED!
IT WAS ALL
SO WEIRD!

KIDNAPPED? STRANGER
IN HIS OWN HOUSE? GREAT
GHOSTS! THAT MUST BE THE
EXPLANATION, BUT I CAN'T
SAY ANYTHING 'TIL
I'M SURE!

MEANWHILE

WELL, I'VE TRAMPED THRU
THE WHOLE BOWERY AND STILL
NO STORY. I'LL TRY JUST THIS
PLACE AND THEN CALL IT A DAY!

ER... I BEG
YOUR PAR-
DON, BUT...

GOOD HEAVENS, MISS
LAURA GOTROCKS, THE
HEIRESS! MY MISSION
IS GRATEFUL FOR
YOUR KIND
VISIT!

HA, HA! I'VE BEEN
MISTAKEN FOR HER
MANY TIMES. I'M
JUST JANE BARLOW,
A REPORTER LOOKING
FOR A
STORY!

THE RESEMBLANCE IS START-
LING. A STORY, EH? I DON'T
LIKE TO SPEAK OF MY
POOR EFFORTS, BUT I
SHALL SHOW YOU
AROUND!

THESE POOR DERELICTS NEED FOOD FOR THEIR BODIES AND SOULS, AND WE, AT THIS MISSION TRY TO SUPPLY BOTH!



HOW VERY KIND.... OH LOOK! THERE IS SOMETHING ON THE FLOOR!

OH, A FRATERNITY PIN. PROBABLY DROPPED BY ONE OF THOSE KIND RICH FOLKS WHO CONTRIBUTE TO OUR WORTHY CAUSE. THEY STOP IN NOW AND THEN.... I'LL TAKE IT AND RETURN IT!



THIS PIN HAS A NAME ON THE BACK... J.R. MUCHBUCKS. THAT'S FUNNY!

ER... I'LL RETURN IT MYSELF. I KNOW THE FAMILY VERY WELL!



OF COURSE, MY DEAR! OF COURSE! IT DOESN'T MATTER!

C'MON! WE GOT THE SIGNAL TO FOLLOW THEM!



PERHAPS I'D BETTER RUN ALONG, NOW!

NOT BEFORE I'VE SHOWN YOU THE MEDICAL ROOM, MY DEAR! IT'S VERY INTERESTING! HEH, HEH! VERY INTERESTING!



YOU SEE, MY DEAR. WE HAVE VERY SCIENTIFIC EQUIPMENT. OUR UNFORTUNATE GUESTS RECEIVE THE BEST OF CARE! LOOK INSIDE! DON'T FEAR!



THIS IS CERTAINLY AN EXTRAORDINARY MISSION! I'VE NEVER SEEN...

SUDDENLY, JANE RECEIVES A SHOVE FROM THE REAR, AND...



EXTRAORDINARY MISSION, HEH, HEH! YOU ARE QUITE RIGHT, MY DEAR. MORE EXTRAORDINARY THAN YOU THINK!



OKAY! I'LL GIVE HER THE FULL JUICE. WE'LL GET RID OF HER QUICK!

HELP! HELP!

NO, WAIT! I HAVE BETTER USE FOR HER!

SHE LOOKS VERY MUCH LIKE LAURA GOTROCKS, EH! SHE SHALL BE MISS GOTROCKS FOR OUR PURPOSES!



SAY! THAT SET-UP'S A NATURAL ALL WE GOTTA DO IS SLIP HER THE DRUG!







UGH!

HAALLP!!!

COMING AT YOU, ROY!

NICE GOIN', WIZARD!



THIS'LL KEEP 'EM FOR AWHILE, WIZARD!

JUST A MINUTE, YOU...

YOU'LL NEVER TAKE ME ALIVE!

SUDDENLY, THE CRONE TURNS ON THE WIZARD WITH A HYPODERMIC



HEH! HEH! YOUR FLESH WILL ROT LIKE THE OTHERS BEFORE YOU TAKE ME!

WH...WHAT

AND THEN BEFORE THE WIZARD CAN STOP HER -

AND MINE WILL, TOO! I'VE INJECTED STRONG DOSES INTO BOTH OF US! BUT THE GIRL WILL NOT BE SO FORTUNATE. SHE WILL DIE A LINGERING DEATH!



THE WIZARD'S SUPER-STRENGTH IS ABLE TO THROW OFF THE DEADLY DRUG, BUT THE CRONE ...

I...I'M DYING! CURSE YOU! WHY DON'T YOU DIE, TOO? AARGH!!!

WIZARD, ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?



JANE'S GOT THAT STUFF IN HER! THE WOMAN INJECTED HER WHILE WE WERE FIGHTING!

GREAT HEAVENS! THAT'S WHAT THE HAG MEANT!



HURRY HURRY ROY TO MY LABORATORY! WE MUST FIND AN ANTIDOTE! WE MUST!

WE CAN'T LET JANE DIE, WIZARD!



TWENTY HOURS LATER, THE WIZARD STILL LABORS FEVERISHLY.

TEST AFTER TEST, AND STILL NO RESULTS! I CAN'T FAIL! I MUSTN'T! I CAN'T LET JANE DIE!



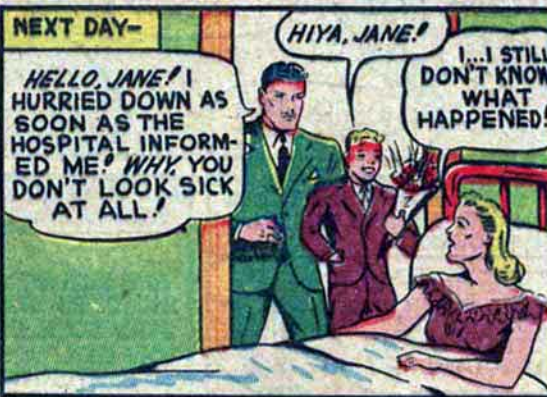
LORD ALMIGHTY! HER FLESH! IT'S BEGINNING TO CAKE! TIME FOR ONLY ONE MORE INJECTION!



WIZARD! IS... IS JANE GOING TO GET WELL?
I DON'T KNOW, ROY! HER FATE LIES WITH A MIGHTIER POWER THAN I! WE CAN ONLY PRAY!



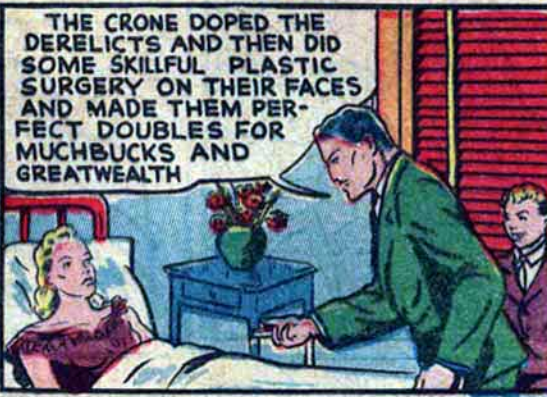
NEXT DAY-
HELLO, JANE! I HURRIED DOWN AS SOON AS THE HOSPITAL INFORMED ME! WHY, YOU DON'T LOOK SICK AT ALL!
HIYA, JANE!
I... I STILL DON'T KNOW WHAT HAPPENED!



BUT I'M SURE I MUFFED A STORY ON THE BOWERY MISSION. IT IS TIED UP WITH THOSE MURDERS, SOMEHOW!
OH, THAT! THE WIZARD EXPLAINED EVERYTHING TO ME!
SURE, AND IT'S IN OUR PAPER TODAY, JANE!



THE CRONE DOPED THE DERELICTS AND THEN DID SOME SKILLFUL PLASTIC SURGERY ON THEIR FACES AND MADE THEM PERFECT DOUBLES FOR MUCHBUCKS AND GREATWEALTH



THEN MUCHBUCKS AND GREATWEALTH WERE KIDNAPPED. THE PHONIES TOOK THEIR PLACES, TOOK AS MUCH MONEY AS THEY COULD, AND THEN A DEADLY DRUG WAS INJECTED IN THE VEINS OF THE REAL ONES!



YEAH, BUT THE WIZARD WAS TOO GOOD FOR 'EM, HUH, W... ER. BLANE!
AND DON'T FORGET THE SUPER-BOY, ROY! THEY'RE SOME TEAM!
HOW AWFUL!



WE THINK YOU AGREE WITH THESE LAST WORDS OF BLANE WHITNEY'S AND IF YOU'RE HARD TO CONVINCE, THE NEXT ISSUE OF THE WIZARD, AND ROY THE SUPER-BOY IN TOP NOTCH COMICS WILL DISSOLVE YOUR DOUBTS.

Fran Frazer

STORY BY
HARVEY A.
BIRN

FRAN FRAZER, GLAMOROUS AND DARING GIRL PHOTOGRAPHER OF "STRIKE" MAGAZINE, IS ON THE TRAIL OF A SPY RING WHICH IS ATTEMPTING TO BRING TURKEY INTO THE EUROPEAN CONFLICT ON THE SIDE OF GERMANY, THEREBY CUTTING ENGLAND'S LIFE LINE.

FRAN AND HAL DAVIS, HER FRIENDLY RIVAL, ARE DINING IN A COFFEE HOUSE IN ISTANBUL.

WHY DID I HAVE TO FOLLOW YOU TO TURKEY? NOTHING'S HAPPENED YET!

WELL, I HAVE A HUNCH IT WILL SOON!



GENTLEMAN TELL ME GIVE YOU THIS. HIM OVER THERE!



It is a matter of life and death that I see you right away..... alone. I have some information that I am sure you can use.
Essex

FRAN LOOKS BACK AT THE SENDER OF THE NOTE AND NODS IN ASSENT.



HAL, DEAR, WOULD YOU RUN BACK TO THE HOTEL AND BRING ME SOME FILM? I FORGOT TO TAKE SOME.

FILM. OH SURE, HONEY, I'LL GET SOME IN A JIFFY!



HERE I AM. WHAT'S ON YOUR MIND?

LET'S GO IN THE BACK — WHERE WE CAN TALK IN PRIVATE!





FILM, HM-M-M! SAY, SHE'D RATHER FORGET HER HEAD THAN HER FILM. SHE MUST HAVE SOMETHING UP HER SLEEVE.

I'M GOING BACK!



MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE COFFEE HOUSE

IN MY POSITION AS A GOVERNMENT ENGINEER I STUMBLED ACROSS THE PLANS OF THIS MADAME OLGA AND HER SPY RING. NOW, I NEED YOUR HELP. WE MUST SAVE ENGLAND!

I'LL DO MY BEST TO ASSIST YOU!



GOOD! HERE IS MY PLAN. FIR...OH!



LOOK AT THE BIRDIE, YOU GLAMOUR-PANTS KILLER.



A CAMERA. GET IT!



FRAN RELEASES THE FILM FROM THE CAMERA AND FACES HER ASSAILANTS

TRY AND GET IT, YOU MURDERERS!



HA, GET IT NOW!



HIMMEL, SHE FIGHTS LIKE A TIGRESS!

NEVER MIND HER! GET THAT CAMERA!

HELP!



ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF. I AM MAJOR ABDUL REMEL, TURKISH ARMY INTELLIGENCE. YOU NEED NOT WORRY ANYMORE. WE SHALL TAKE CARE OF MADAME OLGA!
COME!



HANDS UP, TRAITORS!



SHOOT THEM!

THE TRAITORS ARE QUICKLY SUBDUED



WHAT PICTURES!

MY LUCK, NO CAMERA!



PLANET NEWS
TURKEY REMAINS NEUTRAL
LIFE LINE PRESERVED AS GIRL PHOTOGRAPHER SCOOPS WORLD WITH PICTURES!



REMARKABLE PHOTOS TAKEN EXCLUSIVELY BY
OF TURKISH SITUATION STRIFE BY FRAN FRAZER



A TOAST TO MISS FRAZER. WITHOUT YOUR EXCELLENT PHOTOGRAPHY, OUR GOVERNMENT WOULDN'T HAVE BEEN ABLE TO PROVE A THING AGAINST MADAME OLGA. YOU HAVE THE PROFOUND EST GRATITUDE OF TWO NATIONS!



AND ALL I'VE GOT IS THIS BUMP ON MY NOGGIN!



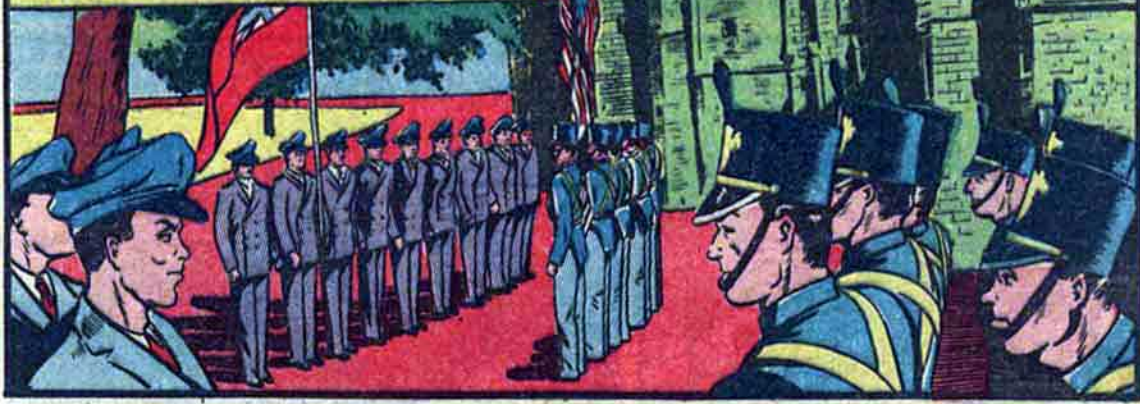
FRAN FRAZER
APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF
TOP NOTCH COMICS

KEITH KORNELL

WEST POINT

THE MOST TRADITIONAL RIVALRY AT WEST POINT, ALMOST AS IMPORTANT AS THE ARMY-NAVY FOOTBALL GAME, IS THE ANNUAL HOCKEY GAME WITH THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY, WEST POINT OF CANADA.

STORY BY
H. SHORTER
PENCILS BY
W. ZALOW



HEY KEITH (PUFF, PUFF) NOT SO FAST!

STEP ON IT, TUBBY!



HERE THEY COME, TUBBY! GET READY TO PICK YOUR GUEST!

WHENEVER THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY TEAM ARRIVES AT WEST POINT, IT IS TRADITIONAL FOR EACH U.S. CADET TO ACT AS HOST TO A CANADIAN CADET.



HEY THERE FELLA! HOW ABOUT TEAMING UP WITH ME? I'M CADET KORNELL.

OKAY! I'M CADET KIMBALL.



HERE! I'LL TAKE CARE OF YOUR LUGGAGE.

ER... NO, THANKS!



MAKE YOURSELF AT HOME.

OKAY!

IN HIS ROOM, KEITH PREPARES TO STOW AWAY KIMBALL'S LUGGAGE.



HEY! GET YOUR HANDS OFF MY GRIP! I TOLD YOU BEFORE NOT TO TOUCH IT!

WHY... ER.... SURE!



UNDERSTAND ME NOW! ALL I ASK IS THAT YOU LET ME ALONE. I CAME HERE TO PLAY HOCKEY, NOT TO BE A SOCIAL LION!



YOU KNOW HOW MUCH THIS GAME MEANS TO US, BOYS! WE'VE NEVER BEATEN THE CANADIANS!

WE WILL TONIGHT, COACH!



THE GAME BEGINS!



THE FURY OF THE TUSSELE MOUNTS! SUDDENLY-- KEITH THROWS A BODY-CHECK AT KIMBALL, AND....

TIME OUT! KIMBALL'S HURT!

OOOHH!



I'M AWFULLY SORRY, KIMBALL.

YOU FOULED ME, KORNELL! OWN! MY BACK IS BROKEN!

THAT WAS A CLEAN BODY-CHECK, KIMBALL! KORNELL DIDN'T MEAN TO HURT YOU!



KIMBALL IS REMOVED FROM THE GAME

THAT'S NOT WHAT BOTHERS ME, TUBBY. I COULD HAVE SWORN I DIDN'T HIT HIM HARD ENOUGH TO HURT HIM!

TAKE IT EASY, KEITH! IT WASN'T YOUR FAULT!



THE HALF ENDS! NEITHER TEAM HAS SCORED...

WHEW! THOSE CANADIANS GET TOUGHER EVERY YEAR!

WE'LL LICK 'EM, YET!



LOOK, COACH! MY SHOE IS TORN!

SHUCKS! WE HAVEN'T GOT ANOTHER PAIR THAT'LL FIT YOU!

I'VE GOT AN EXTRA PAIR IN MY QUARTERS, COACH! IT'LL ONLY TAKE A SECOND TO GET THEM.

ALL RIGHT! BUT HURRY, WE NEED YOU BADLY!



GERRY STEVENS, KEITH'S FEMME, SPIES HIM AS HE GOES TO HIS ROOM!

WHERE IN THE WORLD IS KEITH GOING? HE'S SUPPOSED TO BE IN THE GAME, NOW... KEITH! OH, KEITH!



HE DIDN'T HEAR ME! I'LL WAIT UNTIL HE COMES DOWN!



AS KEITH IS ABOUT TO ENTER HIS ROOM, HE IS BROUGHT TO A HALT BY NOISES FROM WITHIN...

RAT-TAT DASH-DOT-DASH

HEY! WHAT'S THAT? WH... WHY! IT SOUNDS LIKE A TELEGRAPH TICKER!



IT IS! AND GOOD LORD! IT'S A MESSAGE OF SOME KIND! IT SAYS — "TRANSPORT... TROOP... SHIP... SAILING... IMMEDIATELY... FROM... CANADIAN... WATERS..." WHY — THAT

CAN ONLY BE KIMBALL! HE'S A FIFTH COLUMNIST PLANTED IN THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY!



SO THAT'S WHY YOU WERE SO JITTERY ABOUT THAT GRIP! AND YOU FAKED THAT INJURY SO THAT YOU COULD DO YOUR WORK UNINTERRUPTED!



VERY CLEVER, AMERICAN PIG! BUT YOUR CLEVERNESS WILL COST YOU YOUR LIFE!



WHAT WAS THAT? IT SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT! RULES OR NO RULES, I'M GOING UP AND SEE WHAT'S HAPPENING!





THAT'S RIGHT, MY DEAR!
AND SO WILL YOU BE
UNLESS YOU KEEP
QUIET AND OBEY
ORDERS!

OH!

BUT KEITH HAS ONLY SUFFERED A SCALP WOUND....



OOOH! MY HEAD!
KIMBALL! HE'S GONE!
MUSTN'T
LET HIM ESCAPE!

KEITH HASTENS TO A GUARD POSTED AT THE GATE



DID A CANADIAN
CADET COME THRU
HERE?

WHY, YES! HE WAS IN A CAR
WITH GERRY STEVENS, SO I
THOUGHT IT WAS OKAY TO
LET 'EM PASS!

GREAT GHOSTS! WHAT A SPOT! I'M SUPPOSED TO GO BACK INTO THE GAME! BUT, GERRY'S IN DANGER, AND I CAN'T LET THAT SPY MAKE HIS GETAWAY!



KEITH BORROWS ONE OF THE SPECIAL GUARD'S MOTORCYCLES AND GIVES CHASE



THE GUARD SAID HE TOOK
THIS ROAD! IF I STEP
ON IT, I MAY BE ABLE
TO OVERTAKE HIM
BEFORE HE HITS
A SIDE ROAD!

AND NOW, MY DEAR, IT IS A PITY TO KILL ONE SO PRETTY, BUT YOU SAW TOO MUCH, AND MY CAUSE IS TOO IMPORTANT!



BUT YOU
CAN'T....

THERE THEY ARE—AND... JUPITER! HE'S ABOUT TO SHOOT GERRY!



NOT SO FAST, YOU RAT!



KEITH!
THANK HEAVENS
YOU'RE SAFE!

BOO!



I'LL PUT THE MUFFLER ON YOU WITHOUT WASTING TIME!

UNNNK!



C'MON, GERRY! LET'S GET GOING! MAYBE I CAN STILL FINISH OUT THE GAME!

THOSE FIFTH COLUMNISTS SEEM TO BE EVERYWHERE, KEITH!



THEY SOON ARRIVE AT THE ACADEMY

A SPY, HUH! I'LL TAKE HIM TO THE GENERAL, RIGHT AWAY!

HURRY BACK TO THE GAME, KEITH! I'LL GO WITH THE GUARD!

OKAY! I'LL SEE YOU AFTER THE GAME, GERRY!



I'LL EXPLAIN THE DELAY AFTER THE GAME, COACH! WHAT'S THE SCORE!

STILL TIED, KEITH! TUBBY'S PLAYING LIKE A WILDMAN, BUT OUR ATTACK'S CRIPPLED WITHOUT YOU!



KEITH'S RE-ENTRANCE INTO THE GAME SPARKS HIS TEAM-MATES ON!

TAKE IT, KEITH!

NICE PASS, TUBBY!



KEITH WHIRLS LIKE A MADMAN THRU THE CANADIAN'S DEFENSE, AND.....

IT'S A GOAL!

ARMY WINS



HEY, LEMME DOWN FELLAS! IT WAS TUBBY'S PASS TO ME THAT CLINCHED THE GAME!

YOU DID IT, KEITH, OLD BOY!

YEA, KEITH!



THE ROYAL MILITARY ACADEMY HAS ASKED ME TO THANK YOU FOR UNCOVERING THAT FIFTH COLUMNIST

I ONLY DID MY DUTY, SIR!

LATER, KEITH IS SUMMONED TO THE ACADEMY'S MAIN OFFICE



AND THAT TRUNCING YOU HANDED THEM. WAS THAT ALSO A DUTY? HA, HA!

THAT, SIR, WAS A PLEASURE!

KEITH KORNELL, WEST POINTER TOP NOTCH COMICS APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF

THE FIREFLY

INTRODUCING

THE MUMMY!

HARLEY HUDSON
THE
FIREFLY



by
BOE WOOD
and
Harry
Shorten

NOW THERE LOOMS UPON THE HORIZON, A FIGURE SO APPALLING SO DESTRUCTIVE AS TO STAGGER THE HUMAN MIND, A FIGURE WITH THE WISDOM OF AGES AT ITS DISPOSAL, AND WITH ONLY THE **FIREFLY** TO STEM ITS TIDE OF DESTRUCTION — **THE MUMMY!**

ONE NIGHT, IN THE MUSEUM

I DUG THIS MUMMY UP MYSELF, PROFESSOR. I KNOW IT'S AUTHENTIC!

BUT IT'S INCREDIBLE! IT'S A MIRACLE OF EMBALMING!

IT MUST BE DEAD AT LEAST 3000 YEARS AND YET THE SKIN IS INTACT!

I'VE CALLED IN A CHEMIST TO ANALYZE IT. HE SHOULD BE HERE SOON!

HARLEY HUDSON ARRIVES

ARE YOU THE CHEMIST?

YES! WHERE IS THE MUMMY THAT IS SO REMARKABLY PRESERVED?



I'VE UNCOVERED THE FACE AND HANDS, ONLY. EVEN MORE REMARKABLE IS THAT THE VITAL ORGANS SEEM TO BE INTACT. IN FACT THE CREATURE'S ENTIRE APPEARANCE REPRESENTS A DEEP SLEEP RATHER THAN DEATH!



YES! AND WE FOUND THIS VIAL IN ITS CRYPT! IT NO DOUBT CONTAINS THE FLUID RESPONSIBLE FOR THE UNCANNY PRESERVATION!

DID YOU FIND ANYTHING ELSE IN THE CRYPT?



WHY, YES! SOME PAPYRUS DOCUMENTS, ONE OF MY ASSISTANTS IS DECIPHERING THEM RIGHT NOW!

I'D LIKE TO KNOW WHAT THEY SAY! WELL, SEE YOU SOON!



LATER

PROFESSOR! PROFESSOR! WE DECIPHERED IT! IT'S TERRIBLE! TERRIBLE!

WHAT IS IT? SPEAK QUICKLY!



THIS MUMMY WAS A MAGICIAN IN KING TUT'S TIME! HE KNEW ALL THE SECRETS OF EVIL AND CONSPIRED AGAINST THE PHAROAH'S DYNASTY! KING TUT HAD HIM PUT TO DEATH.....

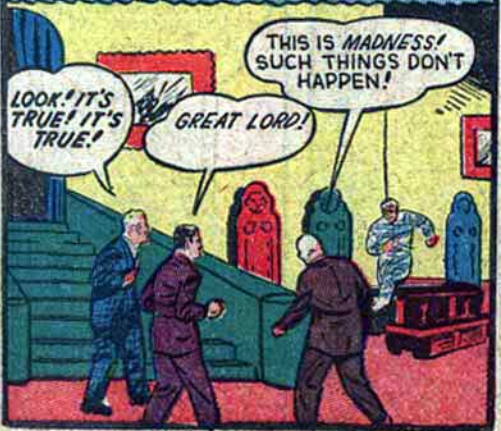


....AND HE PUT THIS MESSAGE IN THE CRYPT WARNING HIM TO DIG HIM UP OR HE MIGHT COME TO LIFE!

THAT'S RIDICULOUS!



BUT AT THAT INSTANT, A TERRIFYING THING HAPPENS — ALL ARE FROZEN IN THEIR TRACKS — THE MUMMY STEPS FROM HIS COFFIN.



LOOK! IT'S TRUE! IT'S TRUE!

GREAT LORD!

THIS IS MADNESS! SUCH THINGS DON'T HAPPEN!

BUT THE MUMMY ADVANCES UPON THEM, HIS EYES SHOT WITH MADNESS.....



... AND SOON A GHASTLY SCENE IS ENACTED. THE MUMMY STRIKES — AND THREE HORRIBLE DEATHS ARE LEFT IN HIS WAKE.



AND THEN, AS THOUGH PERPETRATING A GRIM JOKE, THE MASTER OF EVIL RETURNS TO HIS COFFIN IN PEACEFUL REPOSE.



ON THE FOREHEAD OF EACH VICTIM IS VIVIDLY DISPLAYED THE IMAGE OF A BEETLE. THE MARK OF THE MUMMY!



THE NEXT NIGHT, HARLEY HUDSON, THE FIREFLY, HAS FINISHED HIS ANALYSES WITH STARTLING RESULTS.

GREAT HEAVENS! THIS HAS A TREMENDOUS CONCENTRATION OF FORMALDEHYDE IN IT. THE HUMAN BODY COULD BE PRESERVED INDEFINITELY IF IT WERE ABLE TO ASSIMILATE IT!



JOAN BURTON, REPORTER, RUSHES IN



OH, HARLEY HAVE YOU READ THE NEWS? IT'S HORRIBLE!

WHY, NO, JOAN, I'VE BEEN TOO BUSY!

I COVERED THAT STORY, HARLEY! IT WAS GHASTLY. NO KNOWN POISON COULD BE DISCOVERED IN THEIR SYSTEMS. I, ALONE, NOTICED SOMETHING WHICH WAS TOO FANTASTIC TO TELL THE POLICE.



WHAT WAS IT, JOAN?

ON THE FOREHEADS OF THE DEAD MEN WERE IMAGES OF BEETLES AND THERE WAS A RING WITH THE SIGN OF THE BEETLE ON THE HAND OF THE MUMMY!



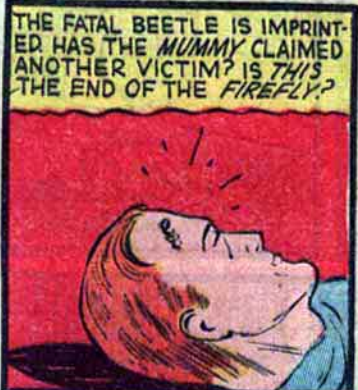
THAT CLINCHES MY THEORY! SOMEHOW THAT MUMMY HAS DISCOVERED THE SECRET OF INTERNAL PRESERVATION. HE INTENDS TO DESTROY AND HE MUST BE STOPPED!



HARLEY, LOOK!

YES, LOOK! FOR IT WILL BE YOUR LAST SIGHT ON EARTH. I WAS AWAKE WHEN YOU WERE TALKING WITH THE PROFESSOR, SO I KNEW WHERE TO FIND YOU!





FAREWELL, POOR FOOL! YOU HAVE MET THE FATE OF ALL WHO SHALL DARE TO STAND IN THE WAY OF THE MUMMY!



BUT THE INSIDIOUS POISON HAS NOT TAKEN ITS FULL TOLL. THE *FIREFLY'S* MAGNIFICENT BODY ENABLES HIM TO REGAIN TEMPORARY CONSCIOUSNESS



THE MUMMY! POISON! IT'S COURSING THRU MY VEINS! I CAN'T HOLD OUT LONG. I MUST FIND AN ANTIDOTE!



HARLEY WORKS FEVERISHLY IN HIS RACE AGAINST DEATH

2 CU CL₄ + 4 GRAMS OF KNO₃. IF IT FAILS, I'M DONE FOR!



HARLEY DRINKS THE POTION, AND MORE THAN HIS LIFE HANGS IN THE BALANCE. FOR ONLY THE *FIREFLY* CAN COMBAT THE MAD MURDERER, THE MUMMY!



I'VE SUCCEEDED! I'M GETTING STRONGER. AND NOW THE *FIREFLY* HAS A JOB TO DO. PRAY LORD THE MUMMY HASN'T HURT JOAN!



THE *FIREFLY* FANTASTIC CREATURE OF THE NIGHT, MAKES HIS APPEARANCE

HE'LL HAVE TO RETURN TO THE MUSEUM! HE HAS NO OTHER PLACE!



REMAIN HERE IN MY COFFIN, FAIR ONE! I HAVE A TASK TO PERFORM, BUT I SHALL RETURN SOON, HEH, HEH!



I CANNOT ESTABLISH A DYNASTY IN EGYPT WITHOUT THE SACRED CROWN OF THE PHAROAHS! THE PROFESSOR'S RECORDS SAY THAT IT IS IN THE HANDS OF A JOHN HORTON, AN EGYPTOLOGIST AND A COLLECTOR. HE SHALL NOT HAVE IT LONG, HEH! HEH!



IT IS WELL THAT I PUT THE MUSEUM NIGHT GUARD OUT OF MY WAY HE WOULD HAVE MADE HIMSELF INCONVENIENT!

MEANWHILE, IN HORTON'S HOME



LOOK AT IT! ISN'T IT A BEAUTY!

PRICELESS, JOHN!

THE MUSEUM HAS OFFERED ME A FORTUNE FOR IT, BUT I WOULDN'T PART WITH IT FOR LOVE OR MONEY!



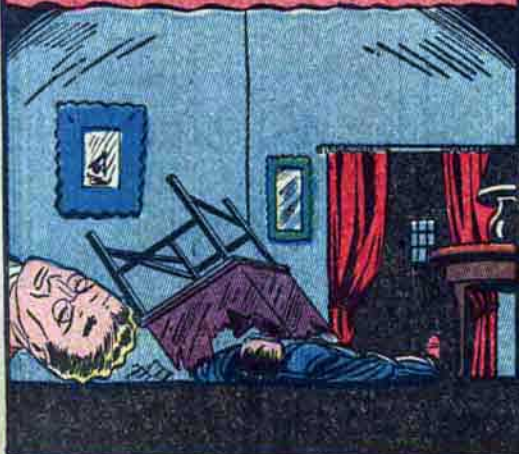
SUDDENLY THEY STAND PETRIFIED, AN AWESOME RELIC OF THE GRAVE ENTERS— THE MUMMY.



HA! BUT YOU WILL PART WITH IT, FOR DEATH! WILL YOU NOT, MR. HORTON! HEH! HEH!

HEAVENS ABOVE! WHAT... HOW?

ONCE AGAIN THE MARK OF THE BEETLE! THE MUMMY HAS CLAIMED TWO MORE VICTIMS



HIC! THAT GUY MUSHTA BEEN DRINKIN'!

NOW, NOTHING CAN PREVENT ME FROM RULING EGYPT. I SHALL RETURN IMMEDIATELY!

MEANWHILE, THE *FIREFLY* IN HIS *FIREFLIER* HASTENS TO THE MUSEUM.

AH! THERE'S THE MUSEUM! I'LL SET MY PLANE ON THE ROOF!

THE *MUMMY* RETURNS FOR HIS INTENDED QUEEN

YOU ARE STILL UNCONSCIOUS! GOOD! YOU'LL BE LESS TROUBLE, AND NOW, WE GO!

I DIDN'T GET HERE A SECOND TOO SOON!

BUT A GLOWING FIGURE HURTTLES THROUGH THE WINDOW.

THE *FIREFLY* GOES INTO ACTION.

YOU! I'LL... OOF!

THE *FIREFLY* is shown in a dynamic pose, dodging an attack from the Mummy. The Mummy is swinging a mallet, and the Firefly is being hit, indicated by the sound effect 'OOF!'.

A GRIM STRUGGLE ENSUES AGAIN THE *MUMMY* BRINGS THE FATAL RING INTO PLAY.

MEDDLER! DIE LIKE THE OTHERS DID!

The Mummy is shown attacking the Firefly with a glowing ring. The Firefly is being hit, and the Mummy is shouting 'MEDDLER! DIE LIKE THE OTHERS DID!'.

BUT THE ANTIDOTE HAS MADE THE *FIREFLY* IMMUNE

DID YOU SAY SOMETHING? YOU... YOU'RE STILL ALIVE!

The Mummy is shown looking at the Firefly in surprise. The Firefly is standing in a room with a glowing figure in the background.

HE HAS WITHSTOOD MY MOST FATAL WEAPON! CURSE HIM! BUT HE'LL NEVER CATCH ME!

The Mummy is shown running away in frustration. He is surrounded by glowing figures.

GOING SOMEWHERE, MR. *MUMMY*? YOU SEEM TO BE IN A HURRY!

YOU... AGAIN!

The Firefly is shown running away from the Mummy. The Mummy is shouting 'YOU... AGAIN!'.

THE FIREFLY LEAPS, HIS INSECT-LIKE MUSCLES PROPELLING HIM WITH TERRIFIC MOMENTUM.



YES, ME AGAIN! YOU'VE COMMITTED YOUR LAST MURDEROUS DEED!

THE MUMMY IS STUNNED, THE FIREFLY FOLLOWS UP WITH EVERY LAST OUNCE OF HIS MIGHTY STRENGTH



HERE'S MY SUNDAY PUNCH FOR GOOD MEASURE!

OUT COLD! AND I DON'T INTEND FOR HIM EVER TO WAKE UP... BUT FIRST, I MUST GET JOAN!



JOAN HAS ALREADY COME OUT OF HER COMA



HELLO, JOAN! REMEMBER ME?

FIREFLY! OH THANK HEAVENS! I THOUGHT HE'D KILLED YOU!

NO, BUT, I'M GOING TO RETURN THE COMPLIMENT. HE'S GOING BACK TO THE GRAVE WHERE HE BELONGS. FIRST, I'LL SEAL HIM IN HIS COFFIN!



NOW, WE'LL HOIST HIM UP AND TAKE HIM TO THE CEMETERY IN MY FIREFLIER!



I'LL BE GLAD WHEN HE'S BURIED!

THEY SOON ARRIVE AT THE CEMETERY



THERE! THAT'S DONE! AND THE WORLD WILL BE A BETTER PLACE FOR IT!

IT ALL SEEMS LIKE A HORRIBLE DREAM... UGH! SUCH A CREATURE!

IT WOULD BE BETTER IF YOU DIDN'T WRITE ABOUT THE MUMMY IN YOUR PAPER, JOAN! IT'S TOO GRUESOME AND MUCH BETTER FORGOTTEN!



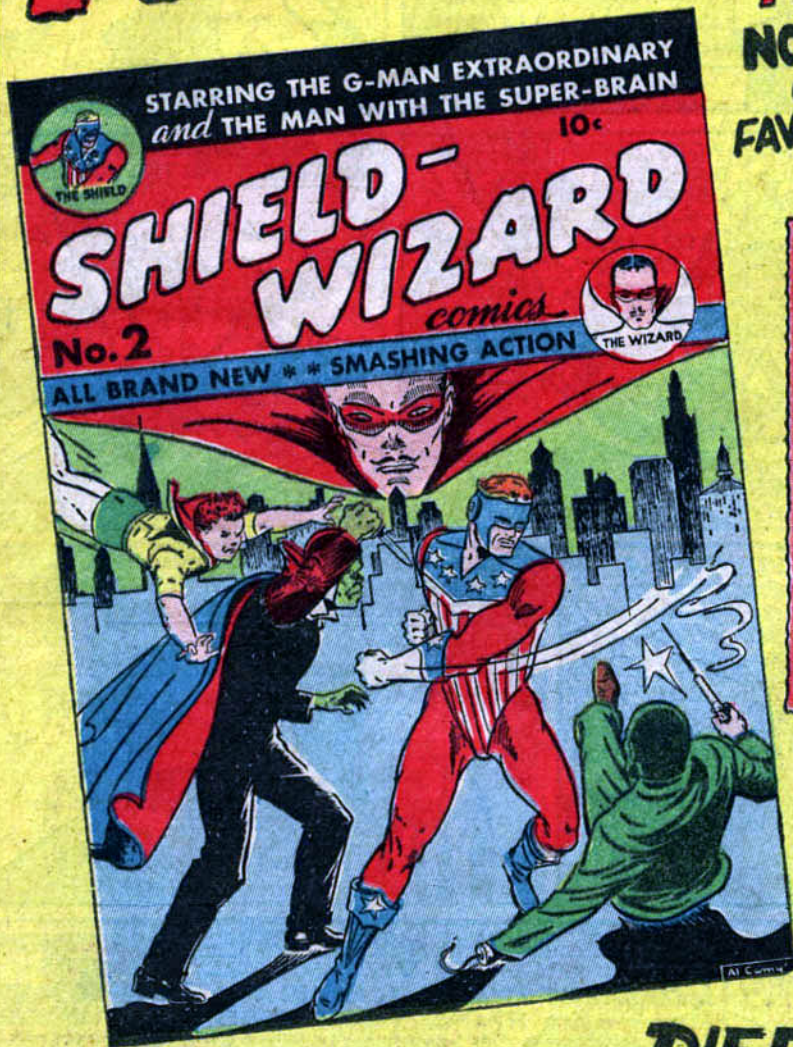
YOU'RE RIGHT, FIREFLY! I WISH I COULD FORGET IT, TOO!



AND SO THE FIREFLY CONTINUES ON IN HIS FIGHT AGAINST CRIME BUT HAS HE SEEN THE LAST OF THE MUMMY? WILL THIS ANCIENT, EVIL EGYPTIAN CREATURE RETURN TO TOP NOTCH COMICS?

HERE IT IS

THE NEW
NO. 2 ISSUE
OF YOUR
FAVORITE MAGAZINE



LOOK
FOR
Tommy
THE
SUPER
BOY!

ALL
NEW!
ALL

DIFFERENT

ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS

East Meets West

CATTLEMEN of the West are organized into what is known as the Western Livestock Association. Enormous herds of cattle run into big money, so it happens that several millionaires are members in this association. For many years, a particular pet of this association was a tall, lean, lanky, brainy character who might be termed "an adopted son of the wild West." His name was Walter Juan Davis.

He hailed from New York, originally, but had been a long time in the West and had an international reputation as a poet and writer. He is probably the only cowboy poet who died with the reputation of having been a Broadway columnist.

In the mellowness of his later years, he came East and up to the time of his death was the "Beau Broadway" of the *Morning Telegraph*.

At the very same time there was working on the *Telegraph* a sports writer known as Bat Masterson, another real hero of the old West. Bat Masterson was sheriff of Dodge City, Kansas, a trading post during the covered wagon days and was widely known as a great two-gun man.

Bat Masterson's name goes down in history for his battles with bad men when he cleaned up Dodge City in the late 60's.

Besides being an expert on beef steer lore and live stock association conventions, Walter Juan Davis wrote many verses of a nonsensical nature. Some of these undoubtedly will live forever. For instance, there is that one which runs:

"When your heels hit hard
And your head feels queer
And your thoughts foam up
Like the froth on beer
Your legs are weak and your voice is strong
And you laugh like hell at some damn fool song,
You're drunk, by Gosh, you're drunk."

Many of the better known cowboys' songs are attributed to Davis but of course each cowboy has his own verses to every song. Some of them seem to be a thousand verses long so it is possible that Davis only started a few of these songs by writing a couple of hundred verses each.

Probably the most famous of Davis cowboy songs is the "Old Cook Shack." Davis for many years in the West wore the regulation cowboy sombrero but during his Broadway days he emulated Al Smith sometimes appearing in a brown derby. He was a natural wit and the magazines of his time carried many of his humorous stories mostly dealing with ranch life.

There was probably not a livestock convention held from 1880 to 1900 that was not attended by Walter Juan Davis. The cattlemen thought the world of him and were firm in their idea that no one could write cattle lore like Davis.

Davis died in New York City a few years ago and among the mourners were Arthur Chapman, author of "Out Where the West Begins," William McLeod Raine, writer of *Western Stories* and many other characters and writers of the old West.



GALAHAD



SIR GALAHAD—SYMBOL OF A KNIGHTLY ERA WHEN ADVENTURE WAS LIKE THE BLOOD IN A MAN'S VEINS—AND WHEN A KNIGHT WENT FORTH TO MEET DEATH WITH A SMILE ON HIS LIPS AND COURAGE IN HIS HEART.

A PRISONER IS BROUGHT BEFORE THORG, KING OF THE VIKINGS.

HA! ANOTHER OF THE SCUM OF KING ARTHUR'S COURT!

AYE! MIGHTY THORG!



PERHAPS THIS ONE WILL BE MORE TALKATIVE! TELL ME HOW STRONG IS YOUR ACCURSED KING ARTHUR'S ARMY? WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

NO! NO! I CANNOT SAY!



CURSE YOU AND THE REST OF YOUR STUBBORN FELLOW KNIGHTS WHOM I HAVE TAKEN PRISONERS. PERHAPS THE TORTURE RACK WILL LOOSEN YOUR TONGUE!



SPEAK, OR YOU SHALL BE STRETCHED TILL YOUR FLESH CRACKS AND YOUR BONES CRUMBLE!



AT THAT MOMENT, GALAHAD AND HIS SQUIRE, GARLAN, ARE RETURNING FROM THEIR MORNING SWIM!



'TIS TIME TO RETURN, GARLAN! KING ARTHUR WILL MISS ME!

HERE THEY COME! DON'T LET THEM ESCAPE!



ZOUNDS! WHAT GIVES?

VIKINGS, MASTER!

UNARMED, GALAHAD IS NO MATCH AGAINST THE OVERWHELMING ODDS.



KNAVES! YOU'LL NEVER...

ZOOFF! THIS BRAT SQUIRMS LIKE AN EEL!

SEE, GALAHAD! YOUR MAGIC SWORD IS NOW MINE!



'T WILL AVAIL YOU NAUGHT, GRAVEN VIKING!

ONLY MY MASTER, THE MIGHTIEST KNIGHT IN ALL THE WORLD CAN WIELD THE MAGIC SWORD!



I'LL SHOW YOU WHO IS THE MIGHTIEST KNIGHT. THIS SWORD! POOF!! 'TIS BUT A PLAY THING!



Boys--Girls! Solve this Puzzle!

It's Fun---Try It!

In this picture are several Fairyland Characters, and just below are the names of each. Can you name them? It's easy! Untangle the letters and put them in order so that each word is the name of one of the story book folks. For example, the letters "RPTTEE APN," No. 2, when placed in right order spell

1. TELTIL OB-EPEP
2. RPTTEE APN
3. YHTUPM YDTUMP
4. EDR GNIIDR OOH
5. CAKJ NAD ILLJ

"PETER PAN." You see him in the picture with his pipes playing a jolly tune.

Every Junior Salesman Gets a Candy Bank

If you can give me the correct name of each one in this happy family and you become a member of the Junior Sales Club, I will tell you how to get this Candy Bank Free. This Bank is full of chocolate bars. When you drop a penny in the bank, you can then pull open the drawer and there will be a delicious chocolate bar wrapped in tinfoil waiting for you. A key comes with each bank so that you can refill it with chocolate bars when empty.



When You Solve the Puzzle

Try to be the first one to send in the correct answer. Start working the puzzle this very minute. See if you can solve it. Write the names of the Fairyland Characters on a penny post card or a sheet of paper, then sign your own name and address, and give your age. Every boy and girl who sends in the correct answer to this puzzle and joins my Junior Sales Club will have an opportunity to get this Bank FREE. Send your correct answer to:

BILLY WADE, JUNIOR SALES CLUB 109, TOPEKA, KANSAS



GALAHAD IS NO MAN'S SLAVE!



MASTER! MASTER! LOOK OUT!



HERE COMES ANOTHER GUARD!



SPLAT

IT WOULD SEEM THAT I AM NOT TO GAIN MY FREEDOM, EASILY!

HELP!!

PUT DOWN YOUR SWORD, FOOL! YOU CAN NOT WIN! WE ARE TOO MANY!

PERHAPS, BUT I SHALL DIE TRYING. AND THIS OAR SHALL HELP ME!

GOD'S BLOOD! IF I WERE BUT FREE, GALAHAD, I WOULD DIE AT YOUR SIDE!

SINCE I CAN'T GO THRU YOU, I SHALL GO OVER YOU!

OOF!!!

AS FOR YOU, CHURL, MY SQUIRE, GARLAN, SAID RIGHTLY THAT YOU ARE NOT THE KNIGHT TO WIELD MY SWORD!

AND NOW, YOU SHALL HEED ME OR YOUR CAPTAIN AND MANY OF YOU DIE!

WE'LL HEED YOU GALAHAD, BUT 'TWILL DO YOU NO GOOD. OUR FLEET IS ON ITS WAY TO ENGLAND! ARTHUR IS LOST!

I SHALL RISK IT! BUT NOW TURN THIS BOAT ABOUT! WE SAIL FOR ENGLISH SOIL!

HOW CAN GALAHAD HOPE TO AVERT THE DISASTER?

THE SHIP SOON REACHES ENGLAND

A FLAG OF TRUCE! WHAT CAN IT MEAN? SEE! A VIKING SHIP, BUT IT FLIES A WHITE PENNANT!

SEE, BRAVE ENGLISH KNIGHTS! 'TIS OUR GOOD KING ARTHUR WHO AWAITS US!

BY MY TROTH! IT IS OUR OWN, SIR GALAHAD. HO, GALAHAD!

HOW DID YOU KNOW OF MY PLIGHT, SIRE?

ONE OF MY KNIGHTS FOUND YOUR ARMOR ON THE BEACH. I HASTENED HERE AND WAITED FOR YOU!

THE VIKING FLEET APPROACHES, SIRE! WE MUST ACT QUICKLY! I HAVE A PLAN. MAKE FOR THE CLIFFS, MEN!

DO AS SIR GALAHAD SAYS, BRAVE KNIGHTS!

HOLD UNTIL THE SHIPS COME CLOSE! WHEN GARLAN WAVES HIS KERCHIEF, DROP THE BOULDERS!

HA, HA! THE VIKINGS SHALL NOT INVADE AGAIN FOR A LONG WHILE!

THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN, THE BOULDERS ARE LOOSE, AND

LEAP FOR YOUR LIFE, KING THOR. OUR SHIP IS SINKING!

THE REMNANTS OF THE VIKING FLEET ARE PUT TO ROUT.

FAREWELL, VIKINGS! WE SHALL DROP IN ON YOU SOME-TIME!

THIS WAS THE MOST VALIANT OF MANY VALIANT DEEDS, GALAHAD! ALL ENGLAND SHALL RING WITH YOUR PRAISE!

YOUR PRAISE IS SUFFICIENT FOR ME, KING ARTHUR!

GALAHAD APPEARS IN EVERY ISSUE OF TOP NOTCH COMICS

WINGS JOHNSON

OF
THE

Air Patrol

WINGS JOHNSON, AMERICAN PILOT, IS WAGING AIR WAR AGAINST THE AGGRESSOR NATIONS AS A MEMBER OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE. WITH HIS PAL, COCKNEY HENRY HIGGINS, WINGS IS OPERATING FROM AN R.A.F. BASE "SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE"



by
ED SHALLE
and
JOE BLAIR

ARE YOUR ORDERS PERFECTLY CLEAR, GENTLEMEN?

PERFECTLY, SIR! WE'RE TO GET PICTURES OF THE NAZI BASE NEAR CALAIS!



EXACTLY! BUT REMEMBER—TRY TO AVOID CONTACT WITH ENEMY PLANES! YOUR ONLY WEAPON IS THE CAMERA! I KNOW IT IS AN IMPOSSIBLE ASSIGNMENT, BUT WITH THAT INFORMATION WE CAN DELAY AN ATTACK! INDEFINITELY!



H'ALL SET, WINGSIE! LET'S JOLLY WELL SHOVE OFF!

OKAY, HENRY! GOOD-BYE, SIR!

GOOD LUCK, JOHNSON! GOOD-BYE!



WINGS AND HENRY TAKE OFF FOR THE NAZI-HELD FRENCH COAST!



GET THAT OVER-GROWN KODAK READY, HENRY! WE'RE ALMOST OVER OUR OBJECTIVE!



THERE SHE H'IS! KEEP 'ER GOIN', WINGSIE! H'I'M SNAPPING SOME PRETTY PICTURES!



H'ENEMY FIGHTERS, WINGSIE! GO H'UP 'IGHER!!

GET SOME MORE SHOTS OF THAT BASE FIRST! WE'LL NEVER HAVE ANOTHER CHANCE LIKE THIS!



THE NAZI SHIPS CLOSE IN FOR THE KILL!



OH! OH! I WAITED TOO LONG!! CAN'T GET ABOVE THEM NOW!!



HOPELESSLY TRAPPED, WINGS DECIDES TO LAND HIS SHIP!



SORRY, HENRY! H'IT'S ALL MY FAULT!

H'ONLY H'I 'ATES TH' THOUGHT O' 'EATIN' SAUERKRAUT FROM NOW H'ON!!!

KEEP UP MIT DER HANDS!



JOHNSON AND HIGGINS ARE BROUGHT BEFORE THE NAZI COMMANDANT

IT IS UNFORTUNATE FOR YOU THAT YOU WERE FORCED DOWN! HOWEVER, IF YOU WILL REVEAL A FEW R.A.F. SECRETS I SHALL BE LENIENT WITH YOU



WE DON'T CHOOSE TO TALK! WE'RE PRISONERS OF WAR AND THAT'S ALL WE'RE SAYING!

SO SORRY TO DISAPPOINT YOU, GENTLEMEN! BUT RATIONS HERE ARE LOW! UNLESS YOU CAN GIVE US SOMETHING OF VALUE, I WILL HAVE YOU SHOT! IT SAVES FOOD!



WHY—YOU BLARSTED MURDERER! H'LL...



YOU DARE STRIKE A NAZI OFFICER! TAKE THAT, YOU ENGLISH SCUM!



YOU DIRTY DOG! CAN'T YOU SEE HE'S UNCONSCIOUS. LET HIM ALONE!



SO, YOU TOO WANT A TASTE OF GERMAN DISCIPLINE? TAKE THAT! THROW THEM IN THE CELL HOUSE! AND WE'LL HAVE A LOOK AT THE PHOTOGRAPHS THEY TOOK!



IT LOOKS PRETTY BAD H'AND HIF 'E FOR US HENRY!- BUT DOES, WE GO THAT STUFFED WEINER MAY COME BACK!



HERE HE COMES NOW, HENRY! THOSE TWO ORDERLIES ARE WITH HIM! CLEAR THE DECKS FOR ACTION!



I GIVE YOU ONE MORE CHANCE TO TELL ME WHAT I WISH TO KNOW ABOUT YOUR AIR FORCE. IF YOU REFUSE- YOU DIE TONIGHT! THAT WILL SAVE US THE COST OF FEEDING YOU BREAKFAST AT SUNRISE!



NOW'S THE TIME, HENRY! LET 'EM HAVE IT!!



ZUM DONNER- WETTER! TRY THIS ON YOUR BLOOMIN' ORN!



HOW DOES THAT FEEL, BIG BOY? H'I DONT THINK 'E LIKES IT! WINGSIE!



OKAY, HENRY! HERE'S WHERE WE EITHER MAKE IT OR ELSE! WE CAN'T GO ON RUSHING THESE GUYS FOREVER! FOLLOW ME!



WASS IST?

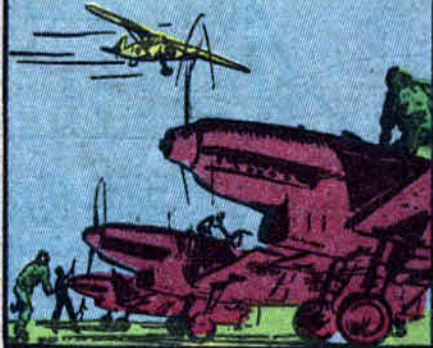




GIVE 'ER TH' GUN
THEY'RE GETTIN'
THE MESSIES
H'OUT!



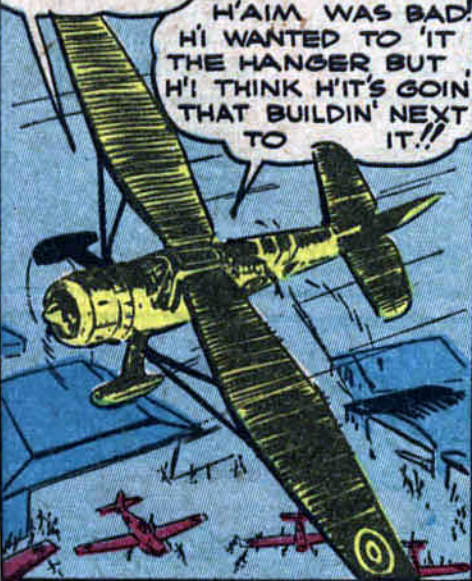
THE NAZIS PREPARE
SWIFT MESSERSCHMIDTS
FOR THE CHASE!



H'AND 'ERE WE
ARE WITHOUT A
BOMB! BUT WOT'S
THIS? 'AND GRENADE
B'GORY!!!



TOSS IT TO
'EM, HENRY!



THERE! OOPS!
H'I'M AFRAID ME
H'AIM WAS BAD.
H'I WANTED TO 'IT
THE HANGER BUT
H'I THINK H'IT'S GOIN'
THAT BUILDIN' NEXT
TO IT!!

HENRY'S GRENADE
SETS OFF A
MUNITIONS DUMP!



SAILING, SAILING,
OVER THE
BOUNDED MAIN.....



H'AND TH'
NAZIS BETTER
NOT BE 'ERE
WHEN WE
COME BACK
H'AGAIN.....

SORRY, GENTLEMEN-
BUT THE PICTURES YOU
TOOK ARE WORTHLESS!
INTELLIGENCE REPORTS
THERE IS NOTHING
LEFT OF THE SUPPLY
BASE AT CALAIS!
CONGRATULATIONS.

HOW UN-
FORTUNATE-
FOR
HITLER!

PHOOEY
ON 'ITLER!
LONG LIVE
THE KING,
GOR BLIMEY!

THRILL
TO THE
ADVENTURE
OF
WINGS
JOHNSON
IN THE
NEXT
ISSUE
OF
TOP
NOTCH
COMICS

LATER, SAFELY
BACK AT THE R.A.F
BASE IN
ENGLAND!



BOB PHANTOM

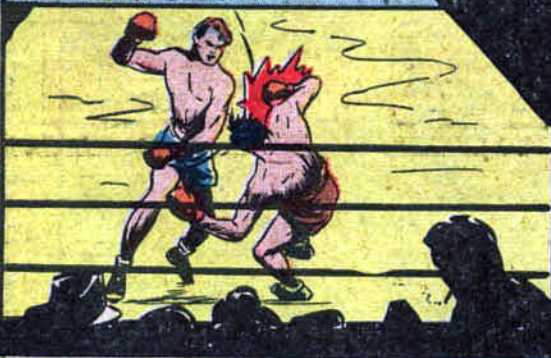
SCOURGE OF THE UNDERWORLD

A RUSH OF WIND... A SWIRL OF SMOKE... AND THERE STANDS **BOB PHANTOM**—READY TO PIT HIS WITS... EVEN HIS LIFE AGAINST THE VERMIN OF SOCIETY...THE CRIMINAL!!

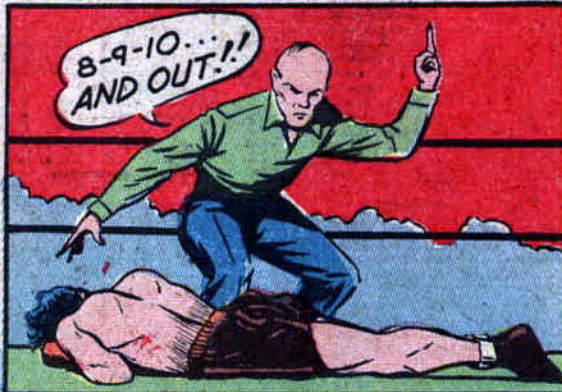
by *BOBBY KING*

DEATH STALKS THE PRIZE RING!!

AT THE MADISON ARENA...



8-9-10...
AND OUT!!



WAKE UP, YOU BUM... THE FIGHT'S OVER!

MAN! HE SURE AM OUT COLD!



THE UNCONSCIOUS FIGHTER FAILS TO RESPOND TO FIRST AID...

GREAT GHOSTS!
HE'S DEAD!



A WEEK LATER... AND ANOTHER FATALITY...

MY PAPER'LL HAVE PLENTY TO SAY ABOUT THIS! THIS IS THE SECOND ONE!

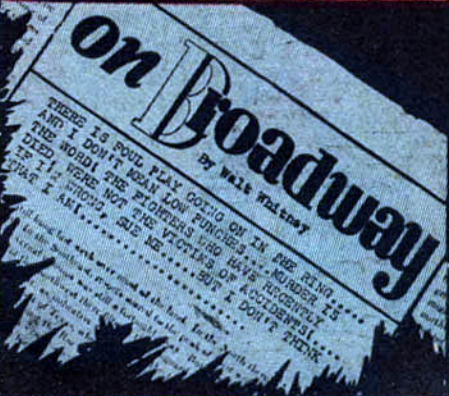
HE MUST HAVE DIED BEFORE HE HIT THE CANVAS!





DOC, THEY'VE BEEN BLAMING ME FOR SENDING FIGHTERS INTO THE RING IN BAD CONDITION!

I EXAMINED EVERY ONE OF THOSE FIGHTERS MYSELF! NOTHING WAS WRONG WITH THEM!



on Broadway
By Walt Whitney

THERE IS POUF PLAY GOING ON IN THE RING AND I DON'T WASH LOW FUNDERS... MURDER IS THE WORD! THE PROBERS WHO HAVE ROBBEDLY DIED... I WERE NOT THE PICTURES OF ACCIDENTS! I AM... BUT I DON'T THINK...

LATER, WHITNEY RECEIVES AN ANGRY VISITOR!



WELL, WELL, IF IT ISN'T MACK JACK, THE BIG-SHOT BOXING PROMOTER!

YEAH! AND I GOT PLENTY TO SAY TO YOU!!

YOU BETTER BE ABLE TO PROVE THOSE ACCUSATIONS OR I'LL SUE YOU FOR PLENTY!



WHOA, MACK YOU TALK LIKE I ACCUSED YOU OF THOSE MURDERS!

IT'S TAKEN ME YEARS TO BUILD UP MY BUSINESS. NOW YOU'RE TRYING TO RUIN ME! MY BIGGEST DRAWING CARD, THE MASKED MAULER, IS FIGHTING SOON.... THIS BAD PUBLICITY WILL RUIN THE GATE!!



MURDER, HUH? THE SNOOPIN' SCANDAL MONGER!!

BOY...MACK SURE WAS STEAMED! THE MASKED MAULER... HMM...IT MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA TO LOOK HIM UP... I THINK I KNOW WHERE TO FIND HIM!



THAT NIGHT... AT THE LIDO NIGHT CLUB...

THIS THREAT NOTE WE GOT LAST WEEK'S GOT ME PLENTY WORRIED, MAULER!

I AIN'T TYING UP WITH ANY BOXING SYNDICATE, AND THAT'S FINAL! YOU'RE MY MANAGER AND I'M STICKING WITH YOU!!



THEY'RE HERE ALRIGHT.. I'LL CHEW THE FAT WITH THEM FOR A WHILE!

I DON'T LIKE THE LOOKS OF THIS, MAULER... THOSE OTHER TWO FIGHTERS MIGHT'VE BEEN KNOCKED OFF AT THAT!

RELAX! I WANTA ENJOY THE SHOW!!



THE LIGHTS ARE DIMMED, AS THE SINGER STEPS OUT.



WHO'S YOUR... EEEKK!! HELP!!



WHAT HAPPENED? IT...IT RAN RIGHT BY ME! LOOK! THERE IT IS AGAIN!



A TOY MOUSE! SOMEBODY IS TRYING TO BE FUNNY!



JUMPIN' GRASSHOPPERS! THE MASKED MAULER IS GONE AND HIS MANAGER IS OUT COLD! I GET IT NOW... THAT MOUSE GAG WAS PULLED TO ATTRACT ATTENTION ELSEWHERE!



MEANWHILE... IN THE CELLAR OF THE NIGHT CLUB...

IF I EVER GET MY HANDS ON YOU I'LL...

KEEP THEM MITTS SOAKIN' AND CLAM UP, OR YA TASTE LEAD!



WHAT CAN BE THE PURPOSE OF SOAKING THE MASKED MAULER'S HANDS IN THE LIQUID?



SUDDENLY...



HI, YA, BOYS!
IS THIS PARTY PRIVATE?

BOB PHANTOM!



I'LL SHOW YOU BOYS HOW TO KEEP YOUR NOSES CLEAN! OR MAYBE YOU'D RATHER TALK!!

DON'T WE'LL TALK!!



WE JUST TAKE ORDERS AND DON'T ASK WHO'S GIVIN'EM, SEE... WE ONLY KNOW WE GOTTA DUNK THIS GUY'S MITTS UNTIL THEY GET TOO SOFT TO FIGHT!

THAT'S RIGHT!



WHY YOU DIRTY...!!
HERE'S SOMETHING THAT'LL MAKE YOUR BRAINS TOO SOFT TO THINK!



THE MAULER'S FIST SMASHES TO A PULP...



MY FISTS ARE LIKE BUTTER! I'LL GET MURDERED, BUT I'M GOING TO GET INTO THE RING TOMORROW NIGHT!



NO YOU WON'T! THAT'S JUST WHAT THEY WANT YOU TO DO... I'VE GOT A BETTER PLAN... ..NOW LISTEN...



IN THIS CORNER... THE MASKED MAULER... AT 174 1/2 !!

NEXT NIGHT...

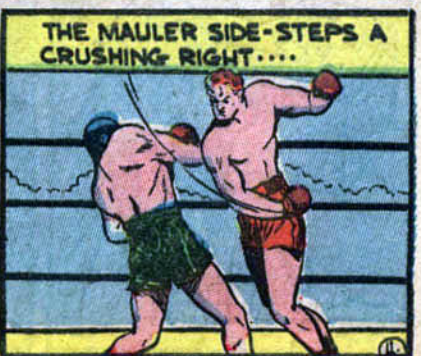


MAN!.. YOU SHO LOOKS ANXIOUS TO START FIGHTIN'!

I AM, SNOW BALL!



THE FIGHT BEGINS...



THE MAULER SIDE-STEPS A CRUSHING RIGHT....



IT WON'T BE LONG NOW. THE MAULER'LL SOON BE MINCED MEAT!!

YEAH.. THEY'LL STEP IN-TO LINE NOW!!



THE MAULER WASTES NO TIME... A TERRIFIC LEFT HOOK... AND...



WOTTA SOCK!! THE MASKED MAULER BLASTED THE KILLER RIGHT THROUGH THE ROPES!!... 6-7-8.... HE'S OUT!! THE MASKED MAULER HAS SCORED ONE OF THE QUICKEST KNOCK-OUTS ON RECORD!!



HOW'D I DO, SNOW-BALL?

MAN O' MAN WHEN DAT GUY LOOKS IN DE MIRROR, HE'S GONNA SEE A COMPLETE STRANGER !!



SO YOU WON THE FIGHT AFTER ALL!! OKAY.. YOU'RE COMING WITH US!

HMM.... YOU BOYS CAME SOONER THAN I EXPECTED!



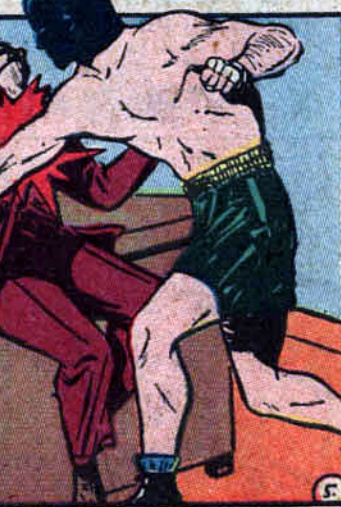
THE BIG BOSS'LL KNOW HOW TO HANDLE YOU... GET GOIN'!!

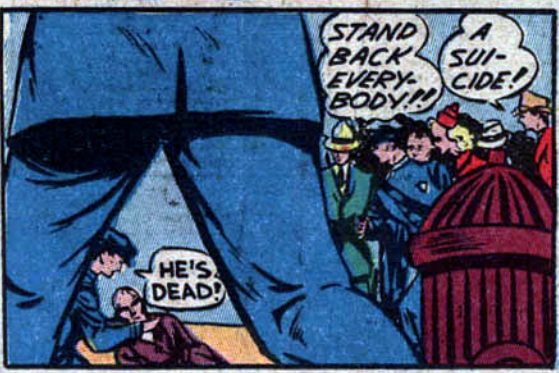


SO YOU WON'T JOIN UP WITH OUR SYNDICATE, EH?



ALL RIGHT, BOYS; TAKE HIM OUT AND GIVE IT TO HIM !!





BOB PHANTOM IS FAST BECOMING AMERICA'S READING HABIT... THE MAN OF SMOKE ALWAYS GIVES YOU YOUR MONEY'S WORTH OF THRILLS IN EVERY ISSUE OF TOP-NOTCH COMICS...

KARDAK

THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN

by *BIBBY KING*

PERILS, MORE FANTASTIC THAN THE HUMAN MIND CAN CONCEIVE, BESET THE PATH OF *KARDAK* IN HIS ENDEAVOR TO REACH THE LAND OF THE MASTER BRAHMIN, THE TRIBE WHICH THREATENS TO RULE OR EXTERMINATE THE WORLD!!

IN THE LAND OF ICE....

KARDAK, *LORNA*, AND *BALTHAR* HAVE JUST ESCAPED FROM THE LAND OF THE BEAST-MEN...

THE ICE FLOES ARE GETTING MORE NUMEROUS!

YES, *KARDAK*... AND I'M GETTING COLD!

ME ALSO, MASTER!

I KNOW HOW TO FIX THAT... HERE, LEND ME YOUR MAGIC TURBAN, *BALTHAR*.

SURE, MASTER... YOU TAKE!

NOW, I'LL JUST WRAP IT AROUND YOU THIS WAY, AND PRESTO...

THE MAGIC TURBAN UNRAVELS, AND *BALTHAR* AND *LORNA* BECOME WARMLY CLAD!

SUDDENLY...

MASTER, LOOK! BIG WATER!

A TREMENDOUS TIDAL WAVE SWEEPS DOWN ON THE FRAIL BOAT!

THE PERILOUS PREDICAMENT OF THE EARTH PEOPLE IS VIEWED BY FANTASTIC ICE CREATURES...



HA! OUR TIDAL WAVE WILL SOON PUT AN END TO THEM! NO EARTH-LINGS SHALL EVER ENTER OUR LAND!

WHAT THE STRANGE SCREEN SHOWS ...



WE MUST BE ON TOP OF AN ICE-BERG!

THE CRAFT, A COMPLETE WRECK, IS IN THE LAND OF THE ICE PEOPLE ...



UGH! ME DIZZY!

WHERE ARE WE, KARDAK?



LUCKILY, I FORMED A THICK CUSHION OF AIR AROUND US BEFORE WE CRASHED!

IT SAVED OUR LIVES, KARDAK! WHAT DO WE DO NOW?



BACK IN THE ICE PALACE ... THE ACCURSED EARTH-LINGS HAVE ESCAPED! GET THE ICE MONSTER!!

WE OBEY, OH, KING!



THEY'LL WISH THEY HAD BEEN KILLED BY THE TIDAL WAVE, WHEN THEY SEE OUR MONSTER!



KARDAK, LOOK! I MUST BE DREAMING!

NO, LORNA, IT'S REAL ENOUGH... AND IT'S GOING TO ATTACK US!



BALTHAR, FIX!!

KARDAK, HELP!!

THE MONSTER ATTACKS... LORNA AND BALTHAR ARE GRIPPED IN ITS ENORMOUS TENTACLES.....



I MUST DO SOMETHING QUICK! THEY'LL BE BATTERED TO DEATH!

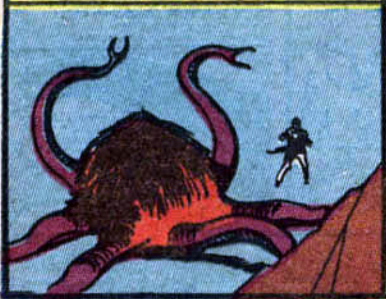
THE MYSTIC MAGICIAN WAVES HIS HAND AND...



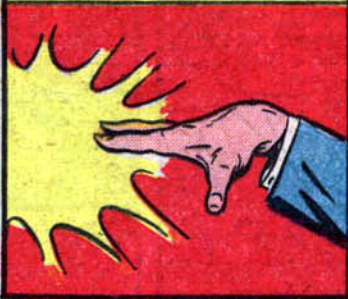
...A SOFT SNOW DRIFT TAKES FORM BENEATH LORNA AND BALTHAR...



THE MONSTER TURNS ON KARDAK AND IS ABOUT TO ATTACK...



KARDAK MAKES A MAGIC GESTURE AND...



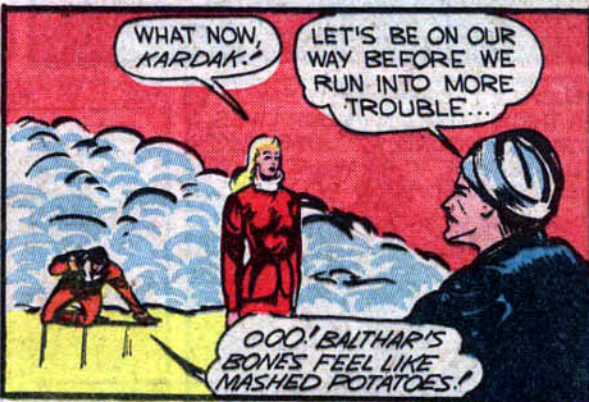
...THE MONSTER IS TURNED INTO A CRAB...

NOT A BAD TRICK... IF I DO SAY SO MYSELF...



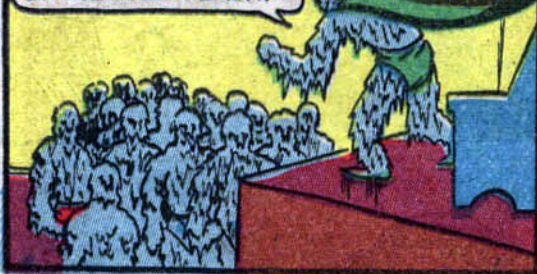
WHAT NOW, KARDAK?!

LET'S BE ON OUR WAY BEFORE WE RUN INTO MORE TROUBLE...



OOO! BALTHAR'S BONES FEEL LIKE MASHED POTATOES!

FRUSTRATED AGAIN! BUT THERE IS ONE THING THEY SHALL NOT ESCAPE - OUR ICE BUBBLES... GO AND BRING THEM BACK!



SUDDENLY...

KARDAK!! IT'S A BLIZZARD!!

IT'S FILLING MY EYES... I CAN'T SEE!



KARDAK IS HELPLESS WITHOUT HIS SIGHT... HUGE, WEIRD, BUBBLES FLOAT TOWARD THEM!



THE BUBBLES BURST AROUND THE THREE, AND THEY BECOME STATUES OF ICE...



THE BLIZZARD ABATES, AND THE ICE-MEN ARRIVE TO TAKE THE EARTHINGS CAPTURE..

THE ICE BUBBLES WERE EFFECTIVE... OUR KING WILL BE PLEASED!

YES...NOW WE WILL TAKE THEM TO THE CASTLE!



THE FROZEN TRIO AND THEIR CAPTORS SOON ARRIVE AT THE ICE PALACE.....

QUICK! PLACE THEM IN THE ICE-CASKETS!



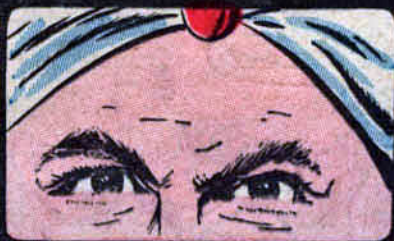
THE KING IS NOTIFIED OF THE PRISONERS AND GOES TO SEE THEM...



SO THESE ARE THE CURSED EARTHINGS WHO DARED INVADE OUR ICE-KINGDOM.... PAH! STUPID WRETCHES!



BUT KARDAK'S MAGIC SIGHT ONCE AGAIN IS FUNCTIONING - HIS EYES BORE DEEP, DEEP INTO THE ICE-KING'S AND...



THE ICE-KING IS HYPNOTIZED....

AAGGH! FLAMES! HELP! I AM MELTING! P!



I CANNOT MOVE! RELEASE HIM, OR I AM LOST!!

BUT, YOUR MAJESTY, I SEE NO FLAMES!



NOR I, YOUR MAJESTY!

